Saturday Review of Literature

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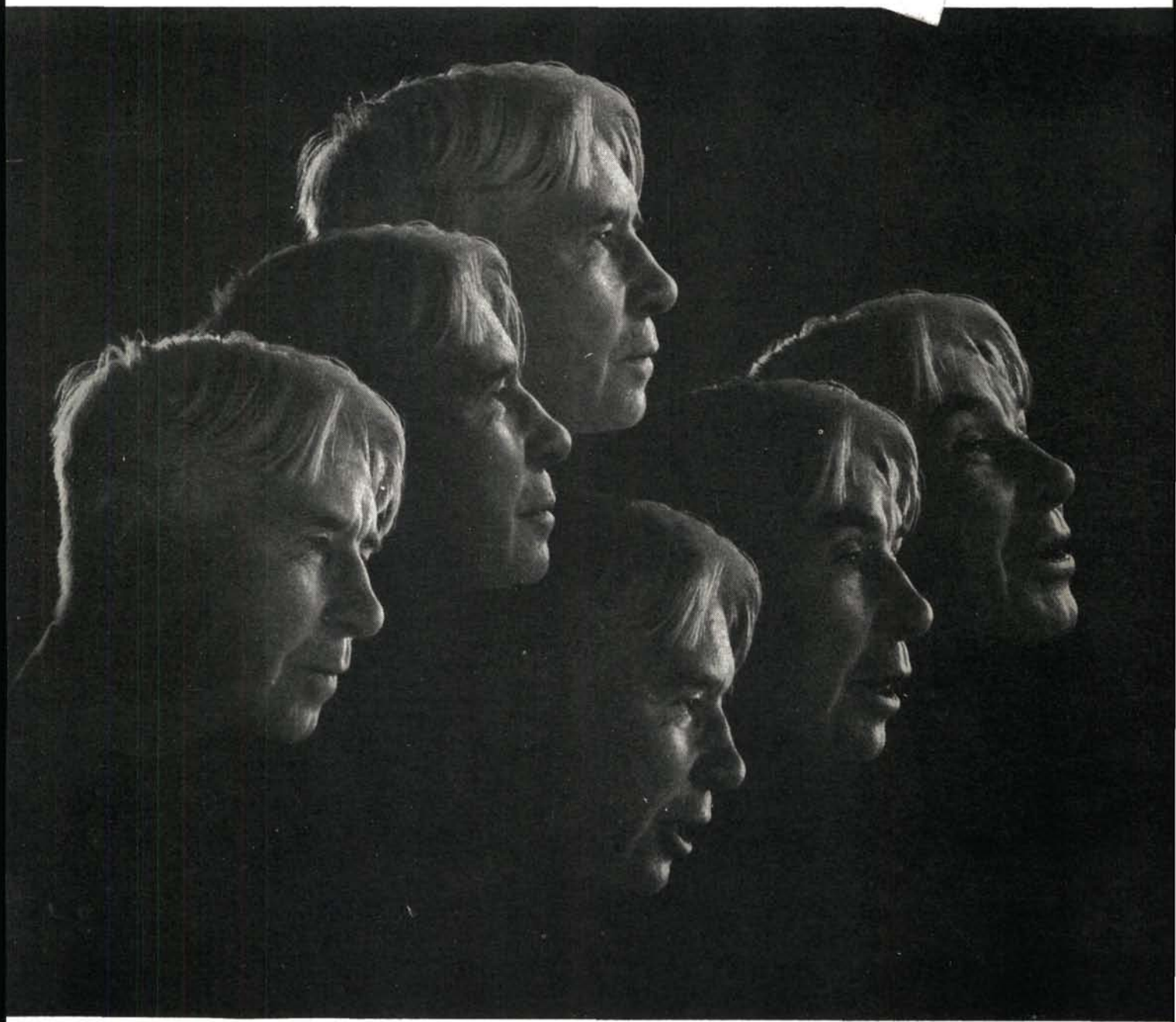

Carl Sandburg, author of "Complete Poems." (See page 14)

GBS

Headmaster to the Universe

By JOHN MASON BROWN

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Foreword by DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN
General Introduction by the Editor

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This Week

November 18, 1950

Cover Montage by Edward Steichen
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Features

Page

GBS: Headmaster to the Universe
By John Mason Brown.....11

Hawthorne: The Somber Strain
By Harrison Smith.....18

From Diamond to Ring
By Robert Cousins.....49

Reviews

Complete Poems by Carl Sandburg
Reviewed by Selden Rodman.....14

The Heel of Elohim
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer...15

Toward Daybreak
Reviewed by Jean Starr Untermeyer.....16

A Star by Day
Moment of Visitation
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay..17

A Generation on Trial
Reviewed by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr......19

America's Second Crusade
Reviewed by James M. Minifie.....20

The New Deal and World Affairs
From Versailles to the New Deal
The Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt
War for the World
The United States in a Chaotic World
Reviewed by Harvey Wish.....21

Two Legends
Reviewed by Morris Bishop.....27

Mixed Company
Reviewed by William Peden.....27

The Young Emperor
Reviewed by J. G. Hitrec.....28

His Majesty O'Keefe
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt.....29

Trajectory and Other Poems
Reviewed by A. M. Sullivan.....41

Departments

Trade Winds
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

Editorial 22

Letters to the Editor.....24

Publishers' Corner
By J. K. Lasser.....26

SRL Goes to the Movies
By Arthur Knight.....32

SRL Reader Poll
By William D. Patterson.....33

TV and Radio
By Robert Lewis Shayon.....34

Music to My Ears
By Irving Kolodin.....36

Literary Crypt.....38

Literary I.Q.....40

Ideas on Film
By Cecile Starr.....44

Booked for Travel
By Horace Sutton.....46

The Criminal Record.....52

The New Recordings
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....54

Double-Crostic No. 869.....58

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, *Executive Vice President and Treasurer*; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Acting Advertising Director; Jay Woodruff, Advertising Director of Recordings Section; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No. 46, November 18, 1950. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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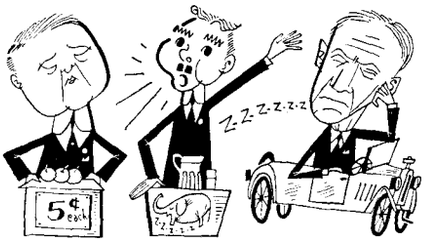
TRADE Winds

PICKING UP THE PIECES

WISE WORDS on the subject of public relations by Roy Norr, of the firm of Ames & Norr:

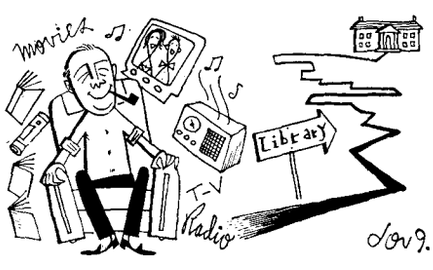
> Bad public relations, empty publicity have swept many a leader in governmental, business, and public life right into the dustbin of public indifference. There are many paths to the dustbin. For example:
>
> There is the way of the Unfulfilled Promise. It is easier to talk of one distinguished victim who fell by the wayside in traveling this path because he has staged an extraordinary comeback. In the twelve years from 1916 to 1928 our Only Living Ex-President enjoyed an almost unparalleled rise in public favor. Woodrow Wilson appointed him to handle Belgian Relief; Harding had to find a place for him in his Cabinet; Coolidge grudgingly retained him, and eventually he became President of the United States. His election was hailed as the triumph of ability over politics, and the nation settled into happy anticipation that this mas-



> ter of organization would lead it to new heights. He promised "a car in every garage and two chickens in every pot." He kept saying that "prosperity is just around the corner." But soon his promises were turned upon him as taunts. In the public mind the Great Engineer had missed the signals and failed at the throttle. It could be—and it's a bitter thing for a public-relations man to say—that one of the reasons for Herbert Hoover's return to public confidence is that he has taken to writing his own speeches!
>
> A second road to the dustbin is the Clattering Cliché. The latest minstrel to travel this highway was the choir-trained Governor of the Empire State on his way to the White House. He started out with an election in his hand, but he listened to siren voices telling him to lull the people into electing him. He lulled. He came as near to saying nothing as any candidate could come. There are two roads to attention. Say an old thing in a new way. Say a new thing in an old way. The Governor, hexed by bad advice, chose to say old things in old ways. So on a fateful November morning the people turned over in their beds and yawned him to defeat. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Governor took note—and changed his tactics.*]
>
> The third way to the dustbin is to cling to Yesterday's Model. A great pioneer auto maker almost chugged his way to ruin on his famous contraption. His genius made the Model T a national institution. No private company in our history has ever produced anything which became so much a part of the American scene. In time the Model T began to slip from public favor. But the last man to recognize what was happening was its famous sire. He was in love with his own creation. And such love is literally blind. So he continued making what he loved and not what the public wanted. It took the open-eyed third generation to put the company back in the groove.
>
> Once a man or an institution has lost public confidence the road back is rugged and costly. Hoover was in the wilderness for twelve years before he regained acceptance as a mellowing patriot and elder statesman. Henry Ford had to close down his enormous plants, leave the field virtually open to his competitors for months, retool from top to bottom, and risk everything he had for a new start. Winning public confidence is a difficult achievement. Holding it is a twenty-four-hours-a-day job. Losing it is a swift debacle in which no man is any better than the last impression he leaves.

ROBERT D. LEIGH, on "Public Libraries in the United States" (from the General Report of the Public Library Inquiry, quoted by the eagle-eyed Fon Boardman, Jr.):

> Daily newspapers and magazines are delivered to a man's door; radio and television are his to enjoy in his home by simply turning a knob. In some public places he cannot escape them; he is part of a captive audience. Even the books which he buys may come to him with his



> morning's mail; those of a limited type which are issued in paper covers or of pocket-size may be seen and bought in at least 75,000 stores and newsstands. To see a movie he must bestir himself to go a few blocks to the neighborhood or downtown theatre. But there are more than eighteen thousand of these theatres, most of them in convenient locations and open throughout the afternoon and evening seven days a week. There are only about half as many public-library buildings in the United States. And the smaller ones (constituting a majority of the whole number) are open only for a limited number of hours. . . .
>
> A single radio program of great

> popularity may have an audience estimated to be thirty million; this number equals the total sales of the fifteen best-selling novels for the last five years. Newspaper sales in the United States for five days in 1948 surpassed the total sales of general fiction and nonfiction (trade books) for that year. But these comparisons do not reflect accurately the total exposure to the medium. The day's newspaper goes out with the ash can. A radio program, once heard, is gone with the wind; but the novel "Gone with the Wind" belies its title. It is saved after reading to be lent and read by others; public-library copies are used by many readers; it is translated into foreign languages and into the international language of the motion picture. An even longer history of repeated use awaits a book such as Tolstoy's "War and Peace." . . . Despite these qualifications, however, books remain in the most limited of the major agencies of communication so far as numbers in their audience can be counted. . . .

JOHN GOULD, author of "And One to Grow On" and "Farmer Takes a Wife," and publisher and editor of the highly individualistic and colorful *Lisbon Falls* (Maine) *Enterprise*, recently set out to list everything in which he trafficked at his newspaper office. He led off, naturally, with all the books authored by himself and family, then continued as follows:

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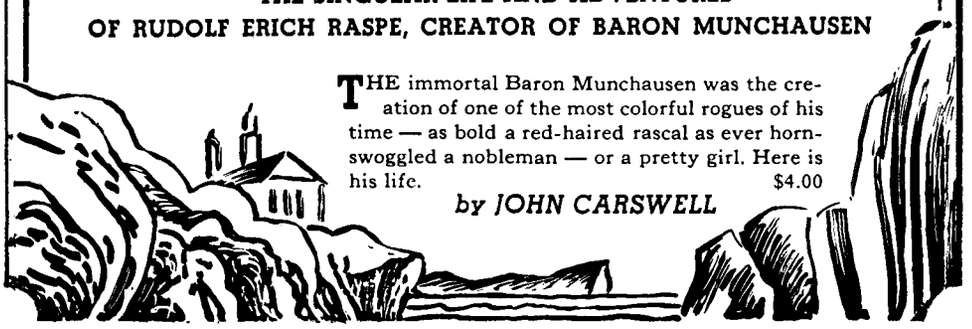

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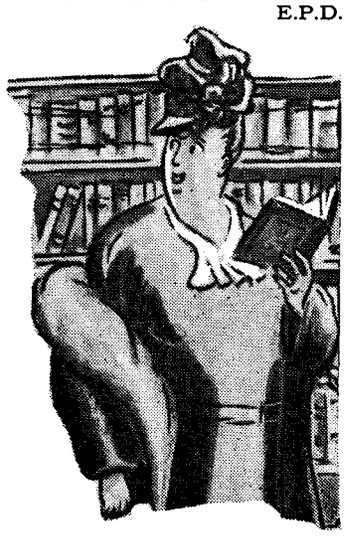
IN a memoir to Helen, James Reid Parker, her friend and collaborator, tells of her life and of the pleasures of working with her. He expresses perfectly, with feeling and sensitive intelligence, all of the things we ordinary admirers of Miss Hokinson feel about her.

AND John Mason Brown writes: "That part of the American scene which she had staked off as her own can still be found everywhere, and its inhabitants will continue to bear her name so long as they present milliners with dilemmas and girdles with problems."

THE LADIES, GOD BLESS 'EM! is priced at $2.75. It has just been published, and it may be purchased wherever books are sold.

E.P.D.



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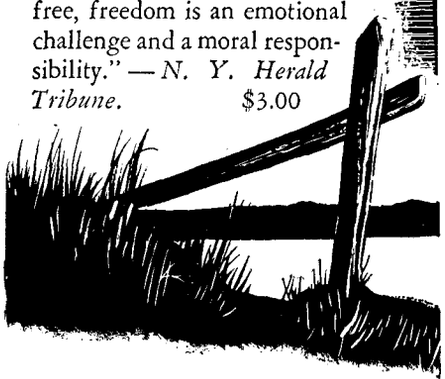

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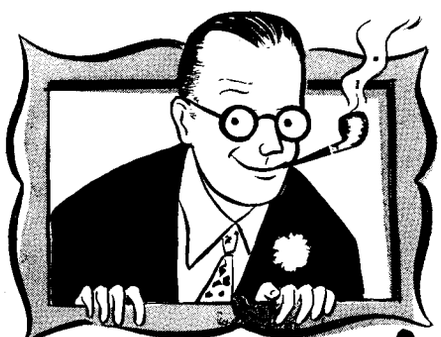
SOMETHING NEW in reference books—and handy for any writer to have around—is "The Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo" (Twayne Publishers, 42 Broadway, New York: $5). It was compiled in a state prison by a board of thirty well-qualified convict-editors under the over-all direction of the prison chaplain. The definitions are fascinating. The word "turkey," to choose one at random, has no Thanksgiving connotations to these lads; it means "a package of valueless substitutes for narcotics sold to addicts" or a "criminal victim with no money or valuables." And if a member of the underworld calls you a "Turk"—start swinging! . . . The most believable golf story of the year appeared on the sports page of a Daytona Beach newspaper recently. It read, "At this point the gallery deserted the defending champion to watch Miss Blank, whose shorts were dropping on the green with astonishing regularity." . . .

BERGEN EVANS, author of "The Natural History of Nonsense," in the *American Mercury*:

> Recently George Bernard Shaw was asked in what department of life he had observed the greatest improvement. His answer—street traffic—was generally received as an amiable jest, for if there is anything we pride ourselves on it is the belief that our streets are more completely blocked, choked, dammed, obstructed, and nullified by traffic than ever before in the history of harassed man.
>
> But Mr. Shaw, as so often, was probably speaking the simple truth. City streets were formerly narrower, twisting, and intersected each other at difficult angles. Horses are feebler than gasoline engines, so there had to be more of them per pound moved and the greater congestion of cities probably required as much material to be moved within an equivalent space as we now move. Then, too, horses are larger than engines and require more room. Their food cannot be concentrated and still more horses had to be used to supply them with it. Their exhaust, as every farm boy knows, does not float off by itself. They cannot be controlled with the precision of mechanized traffic and they are subject to hell-raising and contagious panics.
>
> The last two plates of Hogarth's "Industrious Apprentice" give us a fair idea of what city traffic once was and occasionally in letters and memoirs we get further glimpses. Thus Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet were once caught in a traffic jam in Paris that remained snarled all night. They abandoned their coach to the coachman, squirmed their way to an unoccupied house and bivouacked. . . .

Bergen Evans's observations remind me of the story of a young man who barged into a minister's study, a lovely young lady in tow, and exclaimed, "We want to get married. I beg you to make the ceremony as brief as possible. Here are our credentials. I assure you they're in order. Those ladies knitting in the corner will do fine as witnesses." The minister, amused, performed the ritual, gratefully pocketed a fifty-dollar bill, then protested, "Remember the old adage about marrying in haste, my children. What's your hurry?" The young man, already half way to the door, explained over his shoulder, "We're double parked!" —BENNETT CERF.



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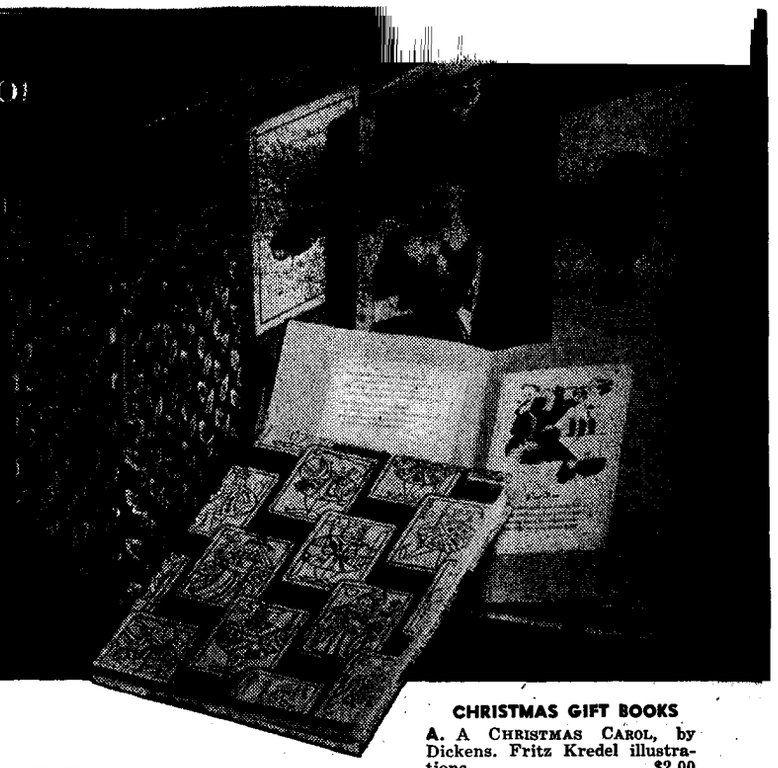

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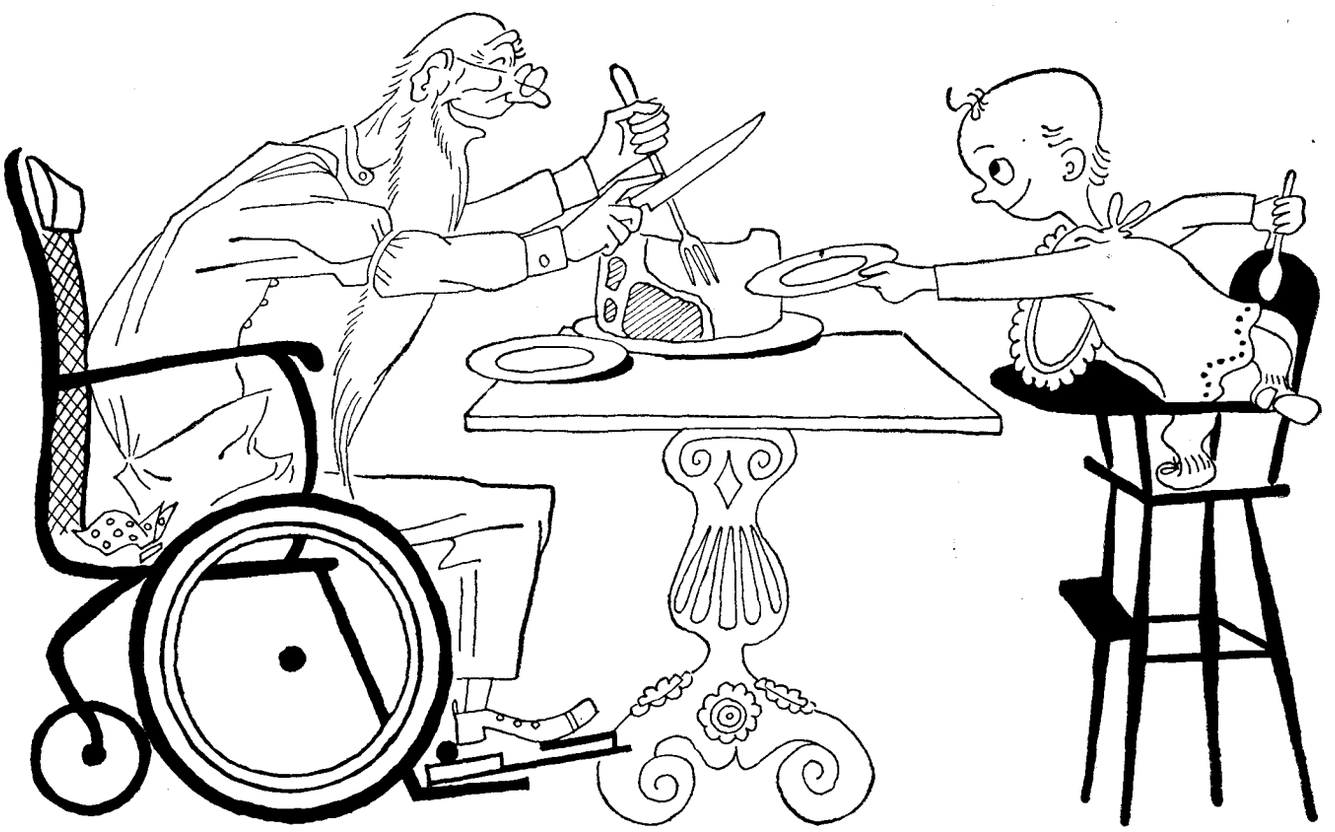

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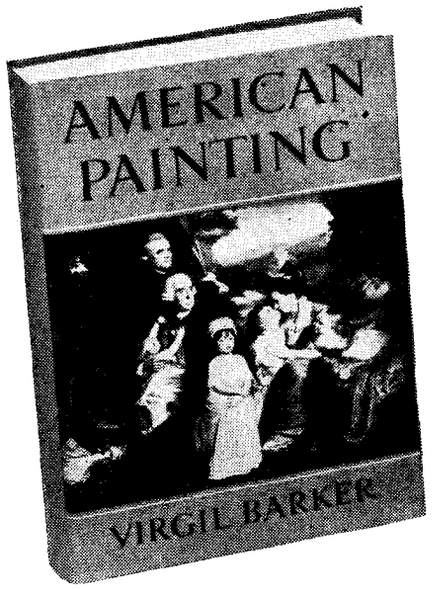

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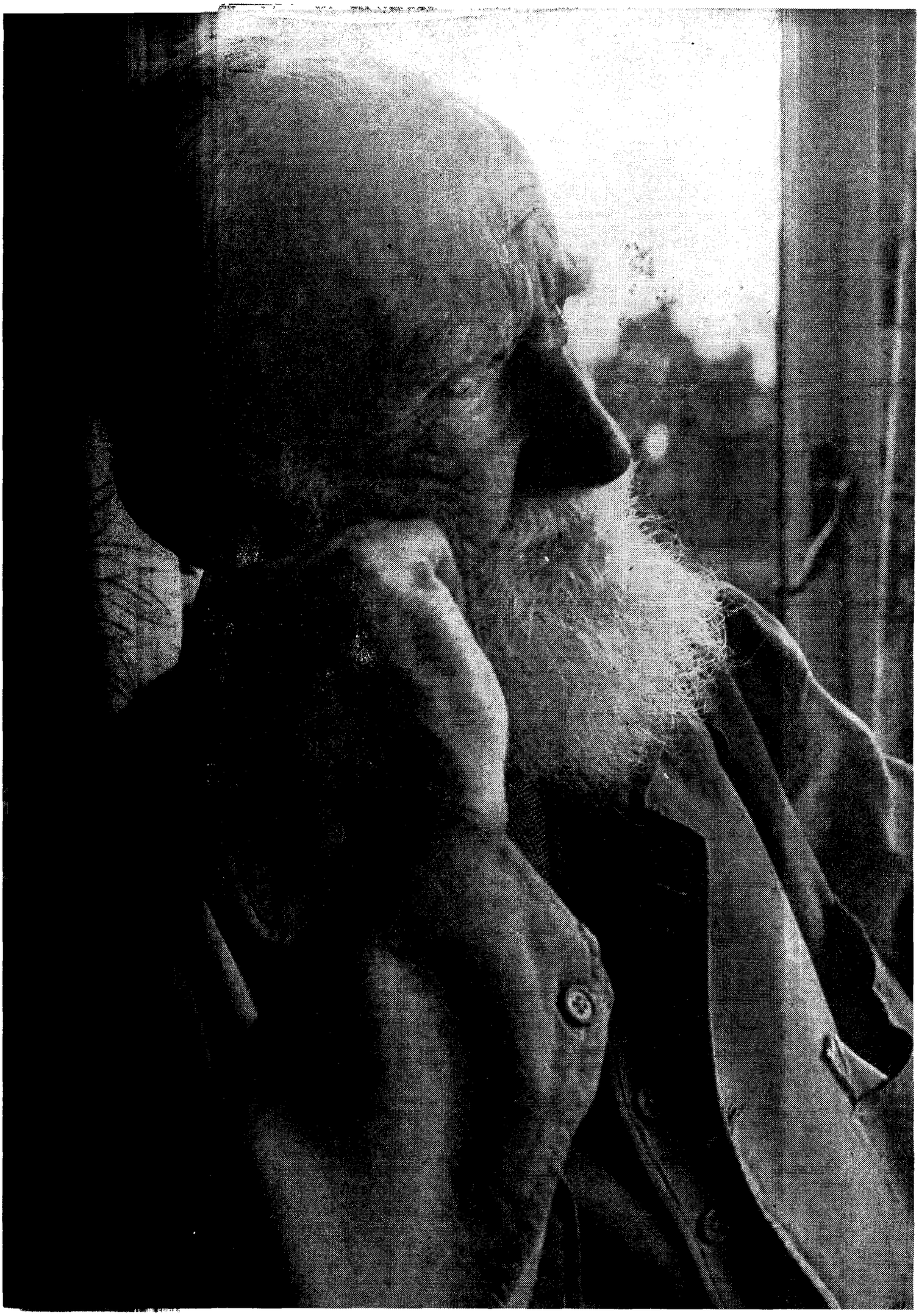

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The Saturday Review of Literature

GBS

Headmaster to the Universe

JOHN MASON BROWN

OF COURSE, "Pygmalion" had a preface—even on the screen. Otherwise it would not have been Shaw's. There was the Old Gentleman himself, reading it as only the world's best actor could. There he was, looking like that most unlikely of mortals, a prophet with a sense of humor. There he was, exuding the charm which is held to be Irish and was known to be his. As usual, he was smiling his way through immodesties and overstatements calculated to win attention and laughter. No less characteristically, he was distributing insults as if they were cookies, and persuading people to gobble them up as such.

And what was he saying in his role of self-appointed headmaster to the universe? "You will have to make up your mind that you will lose me presently, and then heaven only knows what will become of America. I have to educate all the nations. I have to educate England. Several Continental nations require a little educating, but America most of all. And I shall die before I have educated America properly, but I am making a beginning."

All this was in 1938, a short-long twelve years ago, when Shaw was a mere stripling of eighty-two. Now we have lost him, and for many of us there is a kind of emptiness in the world. How the citizens of Rhodes felt when an earthquake toppled over the Colossus in their harbor, we do not know. But we do know the incredulity with which we face a universe without Shaw. In spite of increasing signs of his fatigue and warnings that he, too, must die, we had come to take his being here for granted. He was so palpably a natural phenomenon that we are bound to feel just now as if Niagara had dried up or Old Faithful had ceased to erupt.

When Mr. Roosevelt died, there were American teen-agers who, never having known any other President, could not imagine one. There are plenty of grandparents the globe over who, since their teens, have no memory of the literary scene when Shaw was not among the most towering of its landmarks. Longevity was one of his preachings which he practised. He practised it not only by keeping dazzlingly alive himself but by making this planet a far livelier—and different—place during those sixty years in which he functioned superbly as the challenger of every orthodoxy and the embodiment of his own Superman.

No one under seventy can pretend to have experienced the full detonating impact of Shaw when first he released the armory of his audacities against Victorianism in its every form. Those septuagenarians find it difficult even now to describe the heady delight and happy amazement with which they read him in their youth. They followed him gladly, not quite understanding or daring to understand, but with the joy of the emancipated. Although we, their children, got there later, there were plenty of wonders left and countless surprises.

We, too, knew the excitement of having him snatch the bandages from our eyes and lead us out of the shadows into a realm of sunlight. He pricked our consciences, routed our smugness, jostled us into thoughts undreamed of. He gave us a new boldness, and an unbelievable illusion of freedom, all the while that he was providing us with pleasures fresh and to this day unequaled.

Since nothing is deader than an idea or a cause which no longer needs to be fought for, younger people encountering Shaw at present are bound to find some of his audacities tame and some of his arguments superfluous. They cannot be expected to know how much of what they assume has become accepted only because his fighting helped to make it so. Take the "New Woman" he so ardently championed. Certainly she has lost her youth and grown into a very, very old lady. But they fool themselves, these young people (in the manner of their elders), if they think they have caught up with Shaw. To the end he remained almost as far ahead of them as he was of their grandparents. The likelihood is that their great-great-grandchildren will follow his circuitous trail, panting and outdistanced.

IN "Sixteen Self Sketches" Shaw's explanation of why he had never written a complete autobiography was that "things have not happened to me: on the contrary it is I who have happened to them." This was a statement, however unshrinking, of a truth from which no one can shrink. Shaw was not only a genius; he was an event. Someone likened him to a centipede with a foot in every cause. The range of his curiosities was so prodigious that the sun never set on his interests. From economics to religion, from government to painting, from history to music, drama to medicine, vivisection to literature, phonetics to Communism, the causes of war to the difficulties of peace, or yesterday's news to creative evolution, his mind leapt untiringly and with an athlete's prowess.

It was an extraordinary mind put to extraordinary uses. No one can read

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a page of Shaw's prefaces, his journalism, his letters, or his better plays without feeling its lunge, its force, magnificence, sparkle, and originality. It was an intellect giant-sized yet agile. In the field of letters only Voltaire's has been comparable with it in its mixture of lightness and vigor. It worked overtime and hummed like a dynamo. It was an ebullient mind as sudden in its contradictions as it was constant in its brilliance. If it borrowed freely and unashamedly the coinage of other men's thinking, it nonetheless managed to melt down what it had appropriated and remint it into a currency glitteringly golden and unmistakably Shavian. Its lacks were plain enough, but its virtues were plainer still. It spoke for a man who had the courage to say what he felt instead of what he ought to have felt, and who possessed to a supreme degree a genius for illumination, stimulation, revelation, and provocation.

No subject daunted Shaw, and few were touched upon by him without at least having been made the more interesting. Was his Caesar in his apostrophe to the Sphinx convinced, without ever giving her a chance to speak, that he had read her riddle? Shaw himself was always ventriloquizing for the Sphinx, expecting her to be as quiet as a dream-wife while he spewed forth answers to all the problems known to men and gods. The fact that he was childless no more deterred him from pontificating (hilariously and quite sensibly) as the final authority on parenthood than the fact that he was a Socialist prevented him from marrying a millionairess and emitting angry cries of outrage when, as a millionaire himself, his taxes were mercilessly increased by a Labor Government.

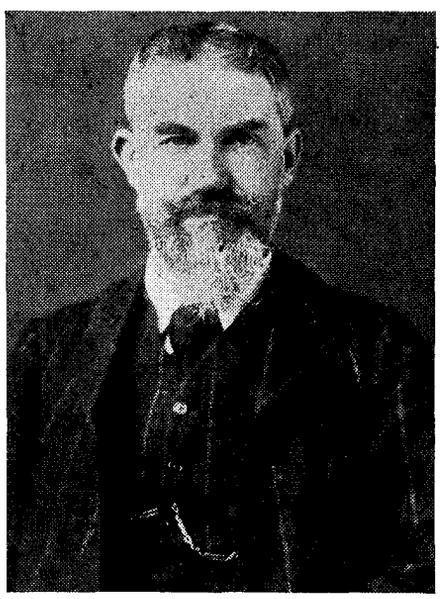
Any Shavian can point out the inconsistencies in Shaw, and a lot of dullards as well as bright people have. But the Ph.D.'s in economics or government who will haunt his ghost in the years to come, sniffing and tracking down his deviations from himself, will always present the sorry picture of Lilliputians trying to take the measurements of a Brobdingnagian. Although they may, as the Bardolaters do, buy Bendixes at the expense of the man who is involuntarily their prey, they will only prove their own stature by trying to reduce his.

Even a literate student in a School of Education must be aware that Shaw is as apt to disagree with himself as he is to disagree with everyone else. Everyone knows that Henry George changed Shaw's life. Everyone knows that William Archer came across him in the British Museum (Shaw's university) with Marx's "Das Kapital" on one side of his desk and Wagner's score for the Nibelungen Ring on the other. And everyone who is not a citizen of Dogpatch must also know that Shaw, throughout his many teetotaling years, swerved like a drunken driver in his allegiances. By his own proud admission he was a crow who had followed many ploughs.

He was an Irishman who preferred England. He was a Fabian who became a capitalist. He was a defender of the people, indeed a soapbox orator, whose questionable gods at one time were Napoleon and Caesar. He was a champion of the downtrodden who flirted, briefly and dangerously, with the dictator-principle in terms of Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin.

AS BARTLETT will remind those who have never read his essay on "Self-Reliance," Emerson held a foolish consistency to be the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. Not even the fools who parade this world as wise men have accused Shaw of having a little mind. The dimensions of his mind can in a way be measured by its inconsistencies and perversities. "It is an instinct with me," he once boasted, "to attack every idea which has been full grown for ten years, especially if it claims to be the foundation of all human society." This explains why his thinking wavered over the decades. This is why his opinions were subject to change without notice and beyond anticipation. His variability was a part of his irreplaceable value. His surprises were unceasing. What mattered most in Shaw was not what he thought but that he made others think.

In the essay already referred to, Emerson, who included among his gifts a talent for freshening the wilted lettuce of bromides, observed that to be great is to be misunderstood. No great man has, I will wager, embarked upon such a far-flung, deliberate, and successful conspiracy to be misunderstood as Shaw. To most of the pygmies (meaning you and me) who are not only well-mannered enough but sufficiently realistic to realize how pint-sized are whatever talents they may possess, Shaw has seemed a titanic egotist.



—*Keystone.*

". . . ventriloquizing for the Sphinx . . ."

Take, for example, his assertion, "I should have been a clerk still if I had not broken loose in defiance of all prudence and become a professional man of genius—a resource not open to every clerk." Or his famous explosion, "With the exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his." Or his claim, "I know a great deal more about economics and politics than Jesus did and can do things he could not do."

These were utterances of which no finishing-school graduate would have been guilty. Although they were shockers, planned with gleeful care, they were not meant to be blasphemous or even self-doting. On the subject of Jesus, about whom he has written beautifully, Shaw's only purpose was to point out the facts of economic and political change over the centuries. So far as Shakespeare was concerned, he was (from his deep love and profound understanding of Shakespeare's merits) merely trying to make "a fellow creature" out of the Bard who had been "a divinity" and "a bore." He was doing this even while waging his usual warfare against Henry Irving and for "the drama of ideas" Ibsen had inaugurated. When it comes to Shaw's reference to himself as "a professional man of genius," he would have been a liar had he described himself in any other terms.

By temperament and habit Shaw was an honest man. The truth as he saw it, which was the truth as very few others had seen it or could bear to face or state it, always mattered more to him than such manners as the world expected. If, as he put it, he could not respond to the "demand for mock-modesty," neither was he ever guilty of mock-conceit. No one capable of writing and thinking as Shaw did could have failed to realize that when he wrote he was outwriting and outthinking other men.

Said he in 1944, "When I contemplate what I know and have done (not that I ever do) I have a high opinion of myself. When I contemplate what I don't know and cannot do (which I am often forced to do) I

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feel as a worm might if it knew how big the world is." He was equally candid when, in a passage dashed off nearly a half-century earlier, he wrote, "I am ashamed neither of my work nor of the way it is done. I like explaining its merits to the huge majority who don't know good work from bad. It does them good; and it does me good, curing me of nervousness, laziness, and snobbishness. . . . I leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workmen afterwards. The cart and trumpet for me."

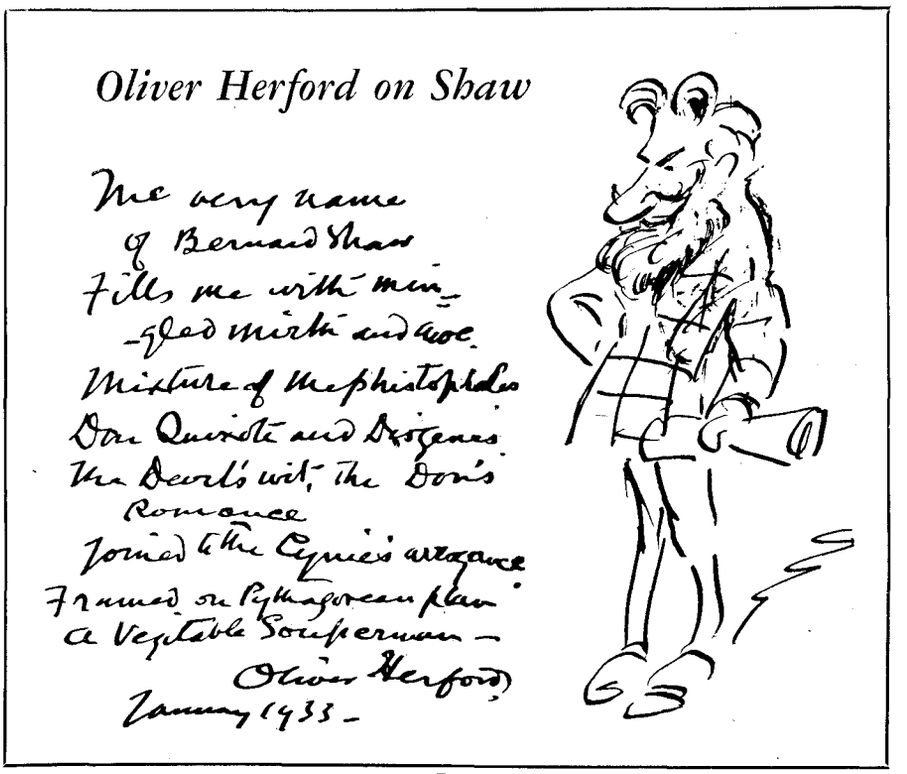
Shaw never ceased being one of GBS's favorite subjects, and he made him a favorite subject throughout the world. No one has ever written about him so well as he has, and no one ever will. He was his own advance man to his own circus; his Dexter Fellowes to what beyond question was the Greatest Show on Earth.

As he phrased it, "Half my time is spent in telling people what a clever man I am. It is no use merely doing clever things in England. The English do not know what to think until they are coached, laboriously and insistently for years, in the proper and becoming opinion. For ten years past, with an unprecedented pertinacity and obstination, I have been dinning into the public head that I am an extraordinarily witty, brilliant, and clever man. That is now part of the public opinion of England and no power in heaven or on earth will ever change it. I may dodder and dote; I may potboil and platitudinize; I may become the butt and chopping block of all the bright, original spirits of the rising generation; but my reputation shall not suffer: it is built up fast and solid, like Shakespeare's, on an impregnable basis of dogmatic reiteration." This was 'way back in 1898 and must be hailed as one of Shaw's more accurate prophecies.

Plato got along very nicely by contenting himself with being Plato. But Shaw was a modern Plato who could not resist also being Puck and Pantaloon. When it comes to clowning, Grock and the Fratellinis were amateurs compared with him. He could be downright silly. The gags he got off for the benefit of the wire services were often feeble, sometimes in questionable taste, and never dignified. If Shaw dispensed with dignity, however, it was not only because it was alien to his nature but because he did not need it. He had something far rarer and finer to offer. He had grandeur.

His wit delighted the public but misled it. Conventional people were confused by a man who said grave things gaily. Their belief was that men who are to be taken seriously must be dreary sobersides incapable of smiling. They found it easier to pigeonhole him as a humorist when he pleased them and as a buffoon when he shocked them. Shaw was well aware of the dangers he invited by laughing. "I have got the tragedian and I have got the clown in me," he once confessed, "and the clown trips me up in the most dreadful way." He explained this by saying that, like his father before him, he was in the grip of a humorous sense of anti-climax.

Oliver Herford on Shaw



—From the guest book of Marion and Percy Mackaye.

AS A prophet, an economist, propagandist, and social reformer, Shaw realized that his inconsistencies no less than his wit blurred the effects he had hoped to achieve. The world has been guilty of the sorry, if understandable, error of mistaking the paradoxes of GBS for his purpose. Far more important than the polemicist, however, was the artist. The specific causes for which he fought have been or may be forgotten, but the artist will always be remembered and treasured. Eric Bentley once contended that the final paradox of Shaw's paradoxical career was that "by not saving the world [he] saved his dramas as art and, therefore, as teaching."

Like Molière's doctor, Shaw was an artist in spite of himself. He was the best, the sprightliest, the most deathless critic ever to have reviewed plays. He was no less lively on the subjects of painting and music. As "Pen Portraits and Reviews" makes blindingly clear, he was a journalist with Promethean powers of firing a reader's interest. Perhaps the final proofs of an instinctive writer's gifts are his letters. Shaw's letters and postcards are miracles of invention, perception, gaiety, and fluency. We already have many samples of his superiority as a correspondent. We shall have more. Indeed, one of the greatest and most fascinating literary adventures the future will know is bound to be those many, many volumes of Shaw's letters which will some day be published, even as the Walpole and the Boswell papers are now being issued.

Certainly "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," printed when Shaw was seventy-two, is one of the finest examples of expository writing on the subject of politics and economics known to any library. Then, of course, there are the plays—and the prefaces. Some of the plays are trifles. Others are dated. No one can say with any certainty which ones will speak most directly to unborn generations. But I, at least, would have only pity for a world which could not be touched by "Candida," melted by "Androcles and the Lion," amused by "Man and Superman" (including its scintillating interlude in Hell), quickened by "Caesar and Cleopatra," and stirred by "Saint Joan." Better than Shakespeare Shaw may not have been. Different he palpably was. Yet that his was the most fecund genius to have turned to the theatre since Shakespeare's time seems safe from challenge.

Shaw explained that he wrote

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Poetry. *The publication last year of the "Complete Poems of Robert Frost 1949" gave critics and aficionados of verse an occasion to evaluate the life work of a great American artist during his own lifetime. "Its publication is literary history," John Holmes said in reviewing the volume for* SRL [*July 16, 1949*]*, "its contents literature." It was generally agreed that Frost was our greatest living poet. Now, with the publication of Carl Sandburg's "Complete Poems" we have an opportunity to appraise all the verse of another great and still vibrant poetic voice. Selden Rodman considers the enduring values of Sandburg's work in the essay-review below. . . . The authors of two other volumes of verse reviewed this week, David McCord ("A Star by Day") and Gustav Davidson ("Moment of Visitation") are familiar as contributors to* SRL*'s columns.*

The Pulse of Common Activity

COMPLETE POEMS. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 676 pp. $6.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

WHAT is there, I thought to myself while preparing like an archeologist to plunge through seven massive layers of gnomic utterance, that has made my generation indifferent to the poetry of Carl Sandburg? From the aristocratic verbal economy of Pound, Eliot, and Cummings in the early Twenties to the otherworldly "abstract" art of Ransom, Stevens, and Robert Lowell that bemuses us today, we have followed other gods. Briefly in the political Thirties it seemed as though Rukeyser and Shapiro, Spender and Auden were leading us back into the arena, but they, too, became other-worldly and increasingly abstract. Henry James, who had damned Whitman and predicted that art would "wither" in America's "cruel air," was accepted as a procreant ancestor. And in this perspective the figure of Carl Sandburg became still more shadowy.

He was a primitive. That seemed to be the key to his identity. Who else would ask the professors to tell him the meaning of happiness—and find it among the Hunkies by the river with their beer and accordions Sunday afternoon? Style?

Go ahead talking about style.
You can tell where a man gets his style
Just as you can tell where Pavlowa got her legs or Ty Cobb his batting eye.
Go on talking. Only don't take my style away.

History, if not exactly Henry Ford's "the bunk," was "a bucket of ashes." The poet conceived of himself as "a brother of the cornhuskers who say at sundown: "Tomorrow is a day." War? Not the dialectical explosion of class conflict or the resolution of atavistic aggressions, as the sophisticates would have it; but whatever the people felt at a given time and place: "Death for the one-armed mastoid Kaiser" (1917)—"I am an ancient reluctant conscript" (1918)—the armament-makers saying: "Don't let the men in the front-line trenches fraternize!" (1935)—"the gentle men, not hunting trouble" meeting "the speech of steel and cunning with their own relentless steel and cunning" (1940). Internationalism? The Leatherneck's three phrases were enough of a language for any country: "Gimme a plate of ham and eggs—how much?—and—do you love me kid?" Philosophy?

I give them honest answers,
Answers shrewd as the circles of white on brown chestnuts.

Humor? "I ask the man on the smoker where he is going and he answers: Omaha."

Here, too, was the primitive's limited vocabulary: "silver" and "gold" for the earth, "blue" for the sky; "the red ball of the sun" and "wisps of moonshine" in the (favorite word) "gloaming." It could be that the primitive painters Hicks and Pippin had said as much with their limited vocabularies about the mysteries of war and peace as any of the knowing symbolists, and Sandburg, who made his living as a reporter, dish-washer, troubadour, and celebrator of a legendary Lincoln, had no apologies for his own. "Bright vocabularies," he said, "are transient as rainbows."

"Chicago Poems," which so shocked the critics between 1912 and 1916, must have greeted a public that had forgotten Whitman. For here was

THE AUTHOR: Carl Sandburg, the son of an immigrant Swedish blacksmith, was thirty-six—half his life ago—before he even dented the reading world. He had driven milk wagons, worked in brickyards and potteries, shoveled coal, harvested wheat, washed dishes, served in the Spanish-American War, been advertising manager, salesman, pamphleteer, and newshawk when his first poems got printed in 1914. That year one of them—the famous "Chicago"—won the Levinson Prize, precursor to a Pulitzer award in 1918 for the poetry volume "Cornhuskers" and another in 1940 for "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years," the second half of his classic biography. Today he is probably as celebrated among the "proletariat" he has sung for his coast-to-coast troubadouring as for his many literary monuments, and his birthplace in Galesburg, Ill., has been dedicated as a shrine: a rather lofty honor for a man as unpretentious as Sandburg, whose greatest joy is getting together with the guitar-playing "gang" in New York to warble folk ballads. (Broadcast Music, Inc., is about to release a comprehensive folio of the collection he has made.) Several Voice of America broadcasts have been based on selections from his works, which have been part of the general European reorientation program. His "Abe Lincoln Grows Up" has been taken for German and Japanese translation, and—not that they need any particular philosophical therapy—Swedish children will soon be able to read his Rootabaga stories. He has a flock of honorary degrees, and his face has been immortalized on *Time*, *Life*, and *SRL* covers, not to snub the camera studies by his brother-in-law Steichen. When he isn't lecturing or giving readings of his poetry, Sandburg lives on a 240-acre dairy-goat farm in the shadow of the Great Smoky Mountains. Whether he'll tackle another novel like the mammoth "Remembrance Rock" is moot, but he's still writing poetry.—R. G.

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Whitman reborn without the magnificent ego and the optimism, but with all that poet's compassion and knack of recording the pulse of common activity. In addition, dropping the preciosity, Sandburg had borrowed imagism from the Imagists; and, with a Christian Socialist's bitter contempt for the complacencies of the idle rich, he had set down plain descriptions of things and people (like an immigrant picket line, a night-sweeper of hog blood, the wiring and plumbing of a skyscraper) that had been neglected by the poets. Much of it today (like much of Whitman) is as banal as yesterday's newspapers. And some of it, like the title poem, and "Gone," with its miraculously evocative folksong lilt, has an unspoilt freshness.

"Prairie," the opening poem of "Cornhuskers" (1918), is Sandburg at his most Whitmanesque, with foreshadowings of Jeffers, Pare Lorentz, and of his own later "The People, Yes." He has rediscovered the value of repetition. He is more conscious—"a high majestic fooling . . . in the yellow corn"—of his own style. He is more lyrical: "The first spit of snow on the northwest wind." And in poems like "Caboose Thoughts," "Cool Tombs," and "Singing Nigger" he is as concentratedly good as he ever will be.

There is a casual rhythm and concreteness Hart Crane was to try for and never quite bring off in the industrial descriptions of "Smoke and Steel" (1920):

In the subway plugs and drums,
In the slow hydraulic drills, in gumbo or gravel,
Under dynamo shafts in the webs of armature spiders,
They shadow-dance and laugh at the cost.

There is a foreshadowing of Fearing in the loosely connected, almost surrealist, images of "Eleventh Avenue Racket." The wonderful command of the American vernacular in such syncopations as "Honky Tonk in Cleveland" justifies Mencken's accolade. The rich are not excommunicated now—they are shown eating soup or coming "home" to a six-foot box like everybody else. The individual poems are a chant or a croon or a blow: there is no development in the strict sense. The "Four Preludes on Playthings of the Wind" foreshadows and competes with the best of William Carlos Williams. "Sleepyheads," "How Yesterday Looked," and "Haze," are among the best.

"Slabs of the Sunburnt West" (1922) sounds a new formulation: "It is wisdom to think the people are the city."

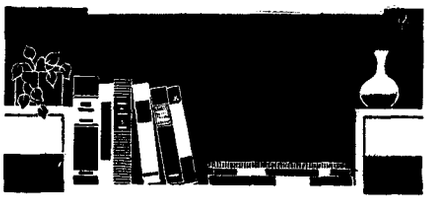
"Good Morning, America" (1928) begins with the mystical "Definitions of Poetry," of which the most memorable is "the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits." The style tends to be a little more self-conscious, as though the poet were trying sometimes *not* to be a primitive; and where "folklore" was previously absorbed like a blotter or actually invented, it is now often dragged in.

Though there is less of people, more of nature and the farm, the warmth is still encompassing—for the man who read Too Many Books; for John Milton, blind; for the lonely scrubwoman; for the summer bug "stashed while the snow blew over" or the pigeon "wearing a quiet understanding of how to wear blue."

On the acceptance or rejection of "The People, Yes" (1935) Sandburg's ultimate reputation as a poet is likely to rest. And the verdict (he would like it that way) is wrapped up to a degree with the facts of democracy. Certainly a huge, sprawling repository of common wisdom and common folly, of popular jokes and legends, held together with nothing but tolerance and lyrical affirmation is not going to impress the fanatical or cynical rulers of a directed society. Neither will it impress poets escaping from the threat of such a future into the abstractions or nightmares of private worlds. In structure or lack of structure the book oddly resembles Pound's "Cantos"; substituting "money" for "usury" there is also some analogy in the naivete of its economic philosophy, antedating, in Sandburg's case, the later formulations of the New Deal. But there the resemblances end. The fulcrum of Sandburg's catch-all is love, not hate. And the key aphorisms—"How much did he leave? All of it," "Everybody is cleverer than anybody," and the history of the world reduced to the single word "Maybe"—express the living paradox of America. Is there a better way to make poems of that paradox?

It would be fun to edit a selection of Whitman and Sandburg someday, to get down to the hard core of each, leaving just enough of the rind and soft spots to keep a likeness. Three-quarters to four-fifths of each poet could be cut away without damage to anything but the blue pencil. But what remained would be, along with the best of Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Dickinson, Twain, Faulkner, and Frost, the writing that has taught America the sound of its own voice.

Selden Rodman, whose "Portrait of the Artist as an American" soon will be published by Harper, is the author of several books of poems and the editor of several poetry anthologies.



Of Science & Values

THE HEEL OF ELOHIM. By Hyatt Howe Waggoner. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 235 *pp.* $3.

By Louis Untermeyer

THE RANGE and limitations of this book are best expressed in the author's prefatory note, and particularly in a few sentences. To wit:

> I have written this book from the point of view of a Christian humanist. When I speak of religious myth, I do not mean to imply either its truth or its falsehood, for I use the term to mean the effort of the primitive, the poetic, or the religious mind to reach beyond the known and the knowable in its search for understanding. I do not think that science has disproved the Christian myth or that there is any likelihood that it will do so. . . . I assume further that poetry is not primarily a "criticism of life," and that criticism is not therefore a criticism of a criticism of life.

After such a wind-up the reader may have some difficulty keeping his eye on the ball; he may even have difficulty following the author's delivery. But, to abandon a purely seasonal metaphor, he will learn something about "Science and Values in Modern American Poetry"—which is Professor Waggoner's subtitle.

The work opens portentously with a "Prefatory Note: Origins, Assumptions, Intentions" and ends with a recapitulatory "Science and Poetry: Conclusions." In between is a first chapter on "Poets, Test Tubes, and the Heel of Elohim" (a phrase from Hart Crane's "The Bridge"), followed by separate chapters on E. A. Robinson, Robert Frost, T. S. Eliot, Robinson Jeffers, Archibald MacLeish, and Hart Crane. It would be pleasant to say that if the author-critic-scientist says nothing particularly new about these much-evaluated poets, he says it particularly well. But, alas, most of these chapters reveal nothing which has not been charted, exposed, praised, analyzed, and added up again and again, and Professor Waggoner contributes no graces of his own. The style is clear enough but pedestrian.

The critical chapters have little with which to surprise the reader, who, by this time, is not only well acquainted with the six main exhibits but with their techniques, tem-

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peraments, and "attitudes." Professor Waggoner tends to underrate the esthetic contribution as well as the philosophy of Robinson, but he is unusually perceptive in his appreciation of Frost. He is shrewd about Eliot, Jeffers, and Crane, if somewhat shortsighted about MacLeish. But misgivings mar the pleasure of passages which should convince us. An introduction to the poetry of MacLeish begins: "Atomistic materialism, though reinvigorated and redefined since the rise of modern science in the Renaissance and especially since the middle of the nineteenth century, is at least as old as Lucretius." After which undeniable platitude, the text is buttressed by rapid references to Hobbes, Nietzsche, Herbert Spencer, Einstein, Planck, De Broglie, Schrödinger, Heisenberg, Born, and Sir James Jeans—all in two pages. Only the intrepid space-time traveler will continue through Hart Crane's experiments "beyond all sesames of science" and the finale with its seemingly tentative but axiomatic conclusion: "I think perhaps that the best contemporary criticism has found, and philosophy more modern than modernism will find, that what poetry says is neither simply poetic nor simply illusory but as real as any reality we can possibly discover."

Part of Professor Waggoner's field has been covered, if not completely plowed and seeded, by Douglas Bush in the recent "Science and English Poetry," reviewed in *SRL* July 29. The present work, confined to this side of the Atlantic, suffers somewhat by comparison with the richer and wider-ranging volume. Nevertheless, "The Heel of Elohim" is a personal, sometimes persuasive, and, in both senses, provocative examination.

Genius of the Perpendicular

TOWARD DAYBREAK. By Collister Hutchison. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

LAST summer I made my fourth visit to the Cathedral of Chartres and nearby bought a small stereoscope with exquisitely detailed pictures of that incomparable structure. Before giving this fascinating toy to the young girl for whom it was intended, I showed the pictures to one of the men in my family, who remarked with something like an exalted sigh: "Here everything goes upward." It struck me then that this simple, heart-felt exclamation epitomized the spirit of Gothic as truly, if not as richly, as volumes might do.

Without implying any comparison between the Cathedral of Chartres and the poems of Collister Hutchison, I would say that both are characterized by this gesture of supplication and aspiration, by what another friend has called the "genius of the perpendicular," that one sees in the finest Gothic as well as in the extraordinary rock formations of the Dolemites. In the Cathedral the starkness of the gesture is softened by the wealth of decoration at the base of the columns; in the mountains by the green patches of field and forest and the comforting human settlements at their base; in the poems that comprise "Toward Daybreak," and especially in the name poem, by a yearning compassion. One could go on to analyze what is meant by the genius of the perpendicular, but it will be enough to say that to the reviewer it signifies the endless striving and courage that brought prehistoric man from a four-footed animal to stand at right-angles to the earth, turning his gaze from the stones to the stars. And it symbolizes human triumph in overcoming again and again the pull of gravity that would level man with the earth.

The perpendicular seems to have a special significance for the author. We find it in the poem "Invocation":

Lifting a proud perpendicular
To the last gesture
Of earth parallel with earth.

Again in "The Revealing":

A perpendicular pattern
Found closing an age in
Pointing another.

Still again in perhaps the finest single poem in "Toward Daybreak":

What suddenly unendurable blow,
what new betrayal
Struck us to beauty

—*Illustrations from "Toward Daybreak."*

Crashing our dissonant pain to a chord
of peace
Perpendicular peace holding root and
star
That I hear you at last?

Although this book contains poems on many themes, all pointing one way —the way of loneliness toward peace —there is not much variety of tone, even though the verse forms are diverse enough. The tone is one of high seriousness into which neither humor nor irony intrudes. This high seriousness compels the reader either to give himself to the poems entirely or to pass them by. The poems are not difficult for reasons of any willed obscurity, but at times something elliptical in the expression baffles the casual reader. A rereading, however, usually discloses, through a recurrence of the symbols—stone, flower, star—a willingness in the poet to cooperate with the evolutionary process, to make knowledge and courage the handmaids of growth. If there is courage in the reader, these self-directed invocations and exhortations in the verses strike courage from him in the way that fire is started from the stroke of flint on flint.

In the first part of this volume one finds several phrases from her reading that an alert and friendly critic would have counseled Miss Hutchison to excise from her verses that otherwise owe nothing to anyone but the author's own searching spirit. But "wine-dark sea" belongs so much to Homer, "quiet-colored" so immediately recalls Browning, and "misty green along the bough" evokes so surely Housman's "bloom along the bough" that one feels these phrases should have been left to their originators. One other slightly annoying mannerism is the overuse of the word

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bright: "brief, bright fall," "bright hard pain," "bright as pain," "bright awful burden" have become clichés of the "oh-the-pain" girls and seem out of place in a book characterized by austerity and control.

But lest this sound like carping, let me say that poems like "Passage," "Next Allegiance," and "Sidereal" are fine achievements in a manner wholly Miss Hutchison's own, and that the series "Goat for Azazel," culminating in "Toward Daybreak," asks and answers questions in a way that only poetry is capable of doing. "Goat for Azazel" takes its theme from Leviticus, with the first goat symbolizing matter, the second spirit. Spirit addresses matter, or physical substance, in an apostrophe to earth, their common testing-ground. The three "Wilderness Songs" that follow are calls to love, to religion, to art, as the three escapes from loneliness, which although unable to annihilate the loneliness, can—through the acts of loving, praying, and creating—lead into life and affirmation. These splendidly conceived poems lead to the pinnacle of "Toward Daybreak," whose framework is also Biblical: the incident of Jacob wrestling with the angel. In this case the analogy with our life today is suggested, and the blow received by the angel, spirit, is the blow that the materialism of our time has struck to spirit. And the fear that spirit may be mortally threatened is only mitigated by the knowledge of guilt and the willingness to expiate:

Shame be the spirit's only blessing now,
And until the creature of his breath and brain
Grant him the right a nobler to bestow,
Predicate to such passion and such pain.

The publishers are to be congratulated on the beautiful format of the book, which opens with a foreword by Jules Romains and contains four drawings of Marc Chagall.

Man, Poet & World

A STAR BY DAY. By David McCord. New York: Doubleday & Co. 74 pp. $2.50.

MOMENT OF VISITATION. By Gustav Davidson. Denver: Alan Swallow. 47 pp. $2.50.

By Sara Henderson Hay

DAVID McCORD'S newest book is a collection of carefully wrought and concise lyrics, penetrating observations on natural phenomena and man's relation to his world. Mr. McCord is an expert and meticulous craftsman, often cryptic, always restrained, concerned largely with the philosophical and intellectual implications of what he sees in the world about him. His nature poems are not merely pastorals, his landscapes are landscapes with figures; his urban poems loom beyond the steel and brick and chromium to what their effect has been upon the men who live in their midst. He is traditional in form, modern in manner, extremely articulate, and, I feel, a little professorial at times. He has a dry wit, an ability to use understatement to high advantage, to make a point in a deceptive casual way.

It is unfortunate, I think, that the reader is almost sure to find a good deal in Mr. McCord's technique which reminds him of Robert Frost. There is, after all, no copyright on style, and no doubt they both simply speak the same language, by nature and inclination, but it is hard not to be influenced a bit in one's appreciation of the very real virtues of several of Mr. McCord's poems by a little bell ringing at a certain twist of phrase or imagery. This overtone is distractingly present in the title poem, for instance—a fine and perceptive and soberly ironic statement of the poet's reactions to seeing a comet by day:

It feathered out, the way of mist
And not of iron-spark and grist:
You couldn't tell for losing shape
It wasn't what it set to ape. . . .

We've built so much against the dark
In brilliant room and flooded park,
And come so far beyond the night,
A star by day is deadly right.

The idea and the emotion are David McCord's, but the idiom (or so it strikes me) is Frost's.

On the other hand, the profound and scholarly "Dawnstone," which was first read as the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard University in 1938, has Mr. McCord's own sure distinction of touch, as has "1849-1949" and the poignant "Out of November" (to mention only a few).

There is hardly a poem in the book which is not in itself both interesting in concept and admirable in technique; yet I cannot help but miss in this collection a quality of warmth and fervor and passion. They are thoughtful, restrained, disciplined poems—but they do not stir me much emotionally. And poetry, I think (with a bow to Emily Dickinson) can be recognized by its fire as well as its ice.

* * *

"Moment of Visitation" is the sixth volume of lyrics by a poet of considerable merit. Gustav Davidson's talent is not a major one, it is true, but within its self-recognized limitations his work reveals a genuine poetic gift, sensitive, aware; poignant more often than intense; a voice which, if not powerful, is unfaltering and clear. The prevailing tone is quietly reflective; his responsiveness to the world about him, particularly the world of nature, turns back most often to introspection. In "Atlantic Shore" he says:

As though, with such immensities,
The heart were one—
With all that strives and all that grieves
Under the sun. . . .

and again in a poem entitled "Inward Bred":

Nothing by our senses fed
of itself is bright or dread;
the eye's incandescence
is in the head. . . .

the light and dark,
the cognizant and rare;
and of the outerness comprised
nothing is there
that the grasp of the heart
has not first devised.

That longing to feel, to be aware of the moments of poetic and emotional visitation, is very movingly

(*Continued on page 41*)

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Hawthorne: The Somber Strain

A Classic Revalued—IX

HARRISON SMITH

EARLY in this century the book shelves in living rooms and libraries of houses in the Northeastern states held row after row of sets of New England writers. To their owners the dark bindings of these hundred or so volumes were, like the family silver, hallmarks of respectability and solid culture. Adolescent boys and girls of the coming generation, climbing on chairs to reach the top shelves, explored on rainy afternoons these repositories of the flowering of New England genius. If they found the works of Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes forbidding, they might delight in flowing verses of Lowell or Longfellow; but when they came to the slimmer volumes of Poe or the sixteen volumes of Hawthorne's works, youth might then discover for the first time an enchantment of another sort, a strain of somber and weird imaginings that set these two writers apart from the rest, as if a flame were burning beneath the stout cloth covers.

My own father was a Connecticut doctor and surgeon; when we moved from my grandmother's home there were yards of mahogany shelves to fill, and he furnished them with the best of New England's earlier nineteenth century writers. In this room I learned something of the eerie world of the imagination and of human sin. And I discovered in Hawthorne's tales the scarlet thread that ran through the lives of our New England ancestors, the diabolism and witchcraft that haunted godly men and stern-visaged matrons.

Hawthorne came honestly by this reversion to the sinister. His own forebears were of the breed that persecuted Quakers, massacred Indians, and burned witches at the stake. In his introduction to the first edition of "The Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne writes of the influence of his ancestor, seventeenth-century William Hathorne, on his mind. "The figure of that first ancestor still haunts me. . . He had all the puritanic traits, both good and evil. He was also a bitter persecutor. His son, too, had made himself so conspicuous in the martyrdom of witches that their blood may fairly be said to have left a stain on him." If the stain was inherited by Nathaniel Hawthorne, it was certainly transmuted into one of the greatest of American novels, "The Scarlet Letter."

A man of his quality and appearance could not have lived in Boston, Concord, and Brook Farm, however briefly, without drawing the attention of the men of letters who lived about him. And it is no wonder that Sophia Peabody almost fainted when she first caught his glance in her sister's drawing-room, for he had a finely molded face that was to suffer a curious foreshortening in later years; "rich brown" hair, a chiseled nose, bold eyebrows, and a lofty forehead over eyes that Charles Reade said were the most magnificent he had ever seen in a human head. His quality was recognized as was his courage to attempt the unrewarding profession of literature; but to the poets, philosophers, and humanitarians of the time there was something lacking in him.

The truth is that he was a haunted and apprehensive figure in the midst of men who were creating (they thought) a new and more rational world, who had the sublime confidence in themselves and in the rational future that marked Victorian literature. What had Emerson, Longfellow, or Thoreau to do with personifications of Satan or with witches flying over church steeples in the dark of the moon? But there was an affinity of feeling between Herman Melville and Hawthorne that might have been expected of two of the most imaginative writers of the time. In one of Melville's letters he writes, "Whence come you, Hawthorne? By what right do you drink from my flagon of life? And when I put it to my lips—, lo they are yours, and not mine. I feel that the Godhead is broken up like the bread at the Supper, and that we are the pieces." Hawthorne was then writing "The Scarlet Letter" and Melville "Moby-Dick"; there can be no doubt that they stimulated each other to the greatest exertion of their creative powers.

BUT what a world of difference between the pursuit of the Leviathan through the oceans and Hawthorne's concept of evil in Puritan New England! In its time the theme of "The Scarlet Letter" was shocking and heretical. That its author was aware of this is shown in a passage from the book. "The sainted minister of the church!" he wrote. "The woman of the scarlet letter in the marketplace! What imagination could have been irreverent enough to surmise that the scorching stigma was on both of them?"—as if Hawthorne himself

(*Continued on page* 55)

This long connection of a family with one spot, as its place of birth and burial, creates a kindred between the human being and the locality, quite independent of any charm in the scenery or moral circumstances that surround him. It is not love but instinct.

—"THE SCARLET LETTER."

In Print

HAWTHORNE is well represented in current publishers' catalogues. At present five volumes are available in the "Works" (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50 each), scheduled for further reprinting next year. "The Portable Hawthorne" (Viking, $2.50), edited by Malcolm Cowley, contains "The Scarlet Letter," selections from other novels, a dozen stories, and passages from the notebooks and letters. Two other omnibus collections (Modern Library, $2.45; Farrar, Straus, $1.95) gather "The Scarlet Letter" and other representative works into convenient one-volume editions. At least fifteen different editions of "The Scarlet Letter" alone are in print, ranging from Pocket Books (25¢) to Heritage Press ($3.75). Midway between these extremes are several excellent editions of Hawthorne's great novel, among them the Modern Library (paper, 65¢; boards, $1.25), Everyman's Library (95¢), and Harper's Modern Classics (95¢). "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals" (Houghton Mifflin, $3), edited by Newton Arvin, shows an aspect of the author unknown to his contemporaries.

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U.S.A. *One of the most difficult problems now facing Americans, we suggested some weeks ago in this space, was to exorcize Soviet propaganda without embracing the same monolithic kind of thinking it fosters. Nowhere has the quandary of the liberal been more difficult than in the case of Alger Hiss, already reported in some detail by Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky in "Seeds of Treason" [SRL April 15]. Now comes a stimulating appraisal of the affair by an able British journalist, Alistair Cooke's "A Generation on Trial" reviewed below. . . . The Depression and the participation of the United States in World War II are the subjects of six other new books, five of them additions to Yale University's Chronicles of America series, long highly regarded as a readable and reliable introduction to the USA's past. The sixth, William Henry Chamberlin's "America's Second Crusade," is a diatribe against FDR's foreign policy.*

The Sin of the New Deal

A GENERATION ON TRIAL. By Alistair Cooke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 335 *pp.* $3.50.

By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

ALISTAIR COOKE is such a brilliant reporter that one can only regret that he is not a better historian. His account of the two trials of Alger Hiss is a superb piece of writing, lively, perceptive, ironic, and compassionate, with an exuberance which fuses the clutter of detail into a rich and fascinating narrative. Mr. Cooke registers courtroom atmosphere like a seismograph; he isolates the intricate points of law and evidence with a steely clarity; and he analyzes human motives and reactions with a full sense of the complexity which human beings require and deserve.

So far as the problem of the guilt or innocence of Alger Hiss is concerned, Mr. Cooke maintains a not quite imperturbable agnosticism. One senses that he began the first trial with the hope that Hiss was innocent and that he ended the second with the fear that he was guilty. But this is only an inference from the text; it is not in the text. Indeed, from Mr. Cooke's viewpoint the actual guilt or innocence of Alger Hiss is less important than certain other factors in the case. It is less important, for one thing, than the atmosphere in which the determination was made. "My only polemical anxiety," Mr. Cooke confesses, "is about such odd things as a citizen's right of privacy, the mischief of bills of attainder, and the debatable function of grand juries." And, for another thing, the guilt or innocence of Alger Hiss seemed to Mr. Cooke less important than "the unavoidable deception of reinterpreting in the political climate of 1949 the personal relationships and the political climate of the 1930's."

One cannot but have great sympathy for Mr. Cooke's revulsion against the atmosphere in which Hiss was convicted. As an Englishman Mr. Cooke naturally watched American judicial procedure with some amazement; and, when it came to the reckless antics of the press during the course of the trial, his amazement expanded into testy and justified indignation. A British judge would have held half the evening papers of New York in contempt after the second day of the trial; in this case things are surely much better ordered in Britain. It has been the fashion among modern American "liberals" to regard Mr. Justice Frankfurter as a woolly and obsolete conservative. Yet the experience of the Hiss trial suggests strongly that the Frankfurter dissent in *Craig v. Harney* is more truly liberal than the views of those who believe that "freedom of the press" includes the right to print practically anything in comment on a trial in progress.

Alistair Cooke — "testy and justified indignation."

Mr. Cooke is surely right when he contends that the British rule "is nothing that adults might not get to accept with a good grace, and is not, I believe, inconsistent with any decent definition of a free press." And he is right, too, when he points to the grievous consequences of the Hiss conviction in terms of the green light it gave to Senator McCarthy and his fellow travelers. But is he right, I wonder, in confining his "polemical anxiety" to these points? Do not the problems of disloyalty and espionage and Soviet aggression deserve some "polemical anxiety" too? Certainly there is no necessary incompatibility between caring about a system of justice, on the one hand, and resisting Soviet totalitarianism, on the other. One might almost think they went together.

Mr. Cooke, unfortunately, evades these issues by the curious historical argument implied in the title of his book. Alger Hiss, he writes, "was judged in one decade for what he was said to have done in another"; and by a kind of historical sleight-of-hand Mr. Cooke contrives to suggest that a whole generation, more or less, was, or might easily have been, or might as well have been, as guilty as Alger Hiss. He endeavors to justify this sleight-of-hand in a long opening chapter.

Now much of this chapter contains the valuable reminder that, in a day when the capitalist system had apparently broken down, when the great threat to freedom was Fascism, and when Communism seemed Fascism's most determined enemy, it is understandable that distraught young men might have turned toward the Soviet solution. But Mr. Cooke goes on to conclude from this that most of the young men did; that the New Deal was consumed with constant admiration for the Soviet experiment, and that to all New Dealers Communists were "useful minute-men who would alert the countryside to the menace of Fascism" or were "enthusiastic archetypes of an established New Deal."

Mr. Cooke was not, I think, much in Washington during the Thirties. (Indeed, his otherwise excellent reporting for the *Manchester Guardian* today suffers from his mistaken belief that national affairs can be covered from New York.) What he has done is to extrapolate from the united-front sentimentalism of London or New

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York in the mid-Thirties to the New Deal in Washington. Yet the surprising fact is how little the New Deal was affected, in its policies or its decisions, by the Soviet example. The New Dealers were too busy trying to get America off the ground to spend much time in ritual adoration of the Soviet Union. No leading New Dealer was involved in Communist activities. President Roosevelt repeatedly denounced Communists and renounced their support. That is why the Lee Pressmans, the John Abts, the Nathan Witts, and, according to a jury of his peers, the Alger Hisses had to operate so secretly. The sin of the New Deal was not its sympathy for Communism; it was its indifference to it.

Mr. Cooke runs wild in his endeavor to demonstrate that the New Deal was a kind of pro-Soviet *front populaire,* in which Alger Hiss was just a bit more activist than the rest. His facts are inaccurate, his logic is faulty, and even his prose, ordinarily crisp and incisive, becomes in his opening chapter diffuse and garrulous. Yet the hard fact, unnoticed by Mr. Cooke, remains that very few young men in Washington ever gave documents to the Soviet Union, and this makes one wonder whether the behavior of those who did does not constitute a distinct moral problem, not to be shuffled off in talk about the guilt of a generation. Does Mr. Cooke seriously think that if the Chambers-Hiss affair had been exposed in 1938 no one would have cared? I agree with Mr. Cooke when he wonders whether Julian Wadleigh was not "the one sure tragic figure of the Hiss case." But I think the reason for the tragedy of Wadleigh—one remembers Chambers's despairing cry, "We are caught in a tragedy of history"—is that at a time when the New Deal was demonstrating that it was possible to achieve security within a framework of freedom, Wadleigh and a few others were betraying freedom in the interests of a false and delusive security.

Mr. Cooke, in a way, ends up in the same pew with William Randolph Hearst and Westbrook Pegler. I suspect that a truer historical judgment would show not that the New Deal softened America for Communism, but that it saved America from Communism. A generation was not on trial with Alger Hiss, because most of that generation believed it was possible to achieve security without sacrificing freedom; most of that generation had enough sense and decency to know that when freedom goes all is gone.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Harvard history professor, is writing a book on the age of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

That Dictator Roosevelt Again

AMERICA'S SECOND CRUSADE. By William Henry Chamberlin. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 372 pp. $3.75.

By James M. Minifie

THIS picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt as a double-dealing megalomaniac, lying his countrymen into an unwanted war to save his New Deal from its errors, is less familiar to Americans outside *Chicago Tribune* territory than it was to Italians and Germans up to 1945.

To anyone who had to endure over a number of years the daily dose of Virgilio Gayda or Dr. Goebbels, it comes as a shock to find Mr. Chamberlin ladling out the same dish. Except when they were shouting for return of their colonies, for Corsica, Tunisia, and Nice, and for the liberation of their enslaved brethren here and there, Messrs. Gayda and Goebbels would have agreed with Mr. Chamberlin that they had no overseas ambitions, nothing against France and Britain, and should have been left to carve out their elbow-room in the East, or wherever.

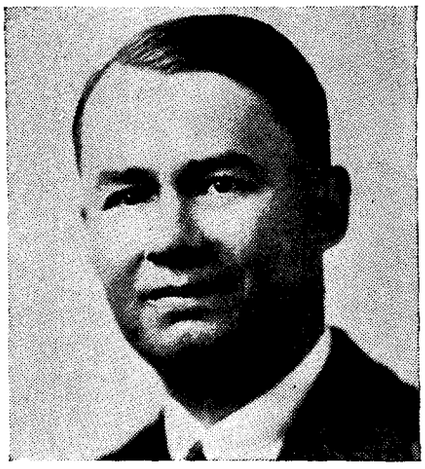
But opposition to dictators was not the prime motive for Roosevelt's design to involve the United States in war, Mr. Chamberlin finds. After all, isn't Stalin a dictator? For that matter, wasn't Roosevelt?

Mr. Chamberlin sums up the three principal motives which led FDR to involve America in World War II:

> First was this quality of ambition. What role could be more tempting than that of leader of a wartime global coalition, of ultimate world arbiter? Second was the necessity of finding some means of extricating the American economy from a difficult position. Third was a conviction that action against the Axis was necessary. This conviction was greatly strengthened by the first two motives.

Mr. Chamberlin believes that Britain should have accepted in 1940 the olive branch held out by Hitler and put her trust in his affectionate regard for the British Empire.

The continuation of the war, from this point of view, was insisted on by Churchill, not for the preservation of Britain but for the destruction of the Nazis and the reconquest of Europe. If Churchill was the culprit in prolonging the war in Europe, Roosevelt on the other side of the Atlantic was equally zealous in getting the United States involved. The United States actually took part in the war because the Japanese sank the fleet at Pearl Harbor and Germany and Italy in turn declared war, but in Mr. Chamberlin's view the Japanese attack was the direct consequence of Mr. Roosevelt's China policy. "The Pearl Harbor attack, in all probability, would never have occurred if the United States had been less inflexible in upholding the cause of China," he writes.



William Henry Chamberlin —"ladling the same dish."

However, it should be observed that the experience of the interbellum years showed decisively that giving way before the aggressive drive of the Japs or the Nazis was one of the poorest methods of avoiding trouble. It only made them more positive that the democracies were decadent, washed up, eminently lootable push-overs. They did not hesitate to say so. They made no secret of their views. Their contempt for the democracies was unfeigned. The world was for the "young, virile" races. There is no reason to doubt that they meant it, or that they would not have organized the rest of the world against Britain and America if they had pulled things off in 1940.

They hated Roosevelt for seeing the danger. Or perhaps, as Mr. Chamberlin sees it, for having illusions, delusions even. Perhaps we should have followed a policy of "realism" and backed Germany against Russia and then Russia against Germany, so that they would kill each other off and save us the trouble, as was suggested disingenuously by Senator Truman in 1941. But a cold Machiavellian policy cannot be carried out by democracies. Ordinary people, on whom the democratic process rests, need beliefs, illusions, passionate convictions, fire.

Mr. Chamberlin indicts Prometheus as a thief.

James Minifie is on the New York Herald Tribune's *Washington staff.*

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Chronicles of America, Cont.

THE NEW DEAL AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By Allan Nevins. 314 *pp. Vols.* 51, 52, 54, 55, 56 *in the Chronicles of America, edited by Allan Nevins. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. Textbook edition,* $2.25 *each. Subscriber's edition,* $6. *each.*

FROM VERSAILLES TO THE NEW DEAL. By Harold U. Faulkner. 366 *pp.*

THE ERA OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. By Denis W. Brogan. 363 *pp.*

WAR FOR THE WORLD. By Fletcher Pratt. 349 *pp.*

THE UNITED STATES IN A CHAOTIC WORLD. By Allan Nevins. 237 *pp.*

By Harvey Wish

THOSE who recall William E. Dodd's broad imaginative canvas of the Old South in "The Cotton Kingdom" or W. L. Fleming's revisionist interpretation of Reconstruction in "Sequel to Appomattox" will be very receptive to Allan Nevins's current efforts to continue the Chronicles of America series down to the facts of this morning's newspaper. The fifty slender volumes of Yale's thirty-year-old cooperative project have done much to make American history a living record to millions of students and laymen. But the widening time-gap since 1920 has left the story of our own generation untold and this is the task undertaken by four (one more volume is on the way) veteran historians, who have also displayed marked ability as stylists—Nevins, Faulkner, Brogan, and Pratt. While, as in the case of the previous volumes, there is no attempt to cover cultural and intellectual history, the contributors have even outdone most of their predecessors in the effective handling of general history. Within the brief span of each of these books there is more meat than is customarily the case with much larger-sized tomes these days. And yet, no reader will find either the stuffy atmosphere or the trying condensation of the formal history textbook—for these are decidedly not textbooks. Interpretations, insights, and facts are blended in essay style.

Harold Faulkner's "From Versailles to the New Deal" reconsiders the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era, when the triumphant businessman sought to recast American society in his own image. Faulkner excoriates the policies of economic nationalism and short-sighted self-interest for their role in intensifying the Depression and makes a strong case for the responsibility of the trade associations, the unchecked weaknesses in industry and agriculture, and the virtual disfranchisement of the voter by a unique era of political chicanery. Even Republican "regulars" may enjoy the author's apt quotation from a critical member of their party, Walter Lippmann: "Mr. Coolidge's genius for inactivity is developed to a very high point. It is far from being an indolent inactivity. It is a grim, determined, alert inactivity, which keeps Mr. Coolidge occupied constantly . . . Inactivity is a political philosophy and a party program with Mr. Coolidge."

It would have been profitable for Dr. Faulkner to synthesize much of his social history within the framework of the basic urban-rural conflict of the Twenties. The cities fought with every weapon against the total Prohibition thrust upon them by the strategy of rural America; this sabotage took the oft-told manifestations of gangsterism, bought politicians, speakeasies, and other urban outgrowths. Urban sophisticates from Mencken down ridiculed the renewed efforts of Main Street to impose a strict moral censorship over books, plays, and art exhibits; their enemies were entrenched in the Post Office, the Customs Office, and the Watch and Ward Society. The middle-aged will easily recall the battle of the *American Mercury* against Bible Belt Fundamentalism in the rural areas. Prewar progressivism was buried beneath the name-calling of Prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan's resurgence, the racialist National Origins immigration debate, and the Monkey Trial. The moral insensitivity of that era is reflected in the complacency of the city toward the revelations regarding large-scale corruption under the bovine William (Big Bill) Thompson of Chicago and the dapper Jimmy Walker of New York.

Allan Nevins, in his two volumes on foreign affairs, shows a liberal Wilsonian internationalism, sympathetic to the ideal of America's historic mission to spread democracy everywhere. On the other hand, he seems to favor the Hoover-Stimson reversal of Wilson's moralistic policy of recognizing only nations which had popular support. "It was the conviction of Hoover and Stimson," he writes, "that the moralistic approach did more harm than good. They returned to the historic American policy of promptly recognizing *de facto* governments. This was less meddlesome, less aggressive, and less troublesome." Yet Stimson was to return to Wilsonianism in part by refusing to recognize Japan's custom-built government of Manchukuo.

Dr. Nevins makes the interesting point that the isolationist record of the Twenties had certain significant exceptions which revolutionized the historic American doctrine of nonintervention: the Washington Naval Conference, the Pact of Paris outlawing war, and the Hoover-Stimson Far East doctrine. "They destroyed the old-time conceptions which required a neutral state to treat belligerents alike even if one was a flagrant aggressor and the other totally innocent; and in so doing they laid a foundation for great future changes in American policy—changes leading directly to the Lend-Lease Act and to the Nuremberg trial of Nazi war criminals." So even the outlawry of war proved to be more than a futile gesture, for it gave a basis in international law for the trial of war criminals—a basis that Wilson had lacked in 1919.

The author-editor shows the bipartisan continuity of American foreign policy under Hoover and Roosevelt and is critical of the isolationist coalition in Congress that succeeded temporarily in the Neutrality Act of 1937 in shelving the Wilsonian doctrine of freedom of the seas. At that time the *New York Herald Tribune* labeled the "cash-and-carry" export measure as "An Act to Prevent the United States from Intervention in the War of 1914-1918." Nevins's interpretation of Soviet-American relations shows that there was no honeymoon during the war years which was rudely disrupted

(*Continued on page* 52)

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The Retreat to the Twenties

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S books are commonly regarded as the standard literary source for the whoosh, whirl, and whoopie aspect of American life during the Twenties. But it remains for the fictionalized story of Fitzgerald's own career to provide an even sharper and more vividly unforgettable picture of the Jazz Age than anything Fitzgerald himself ever wrote. Though Fitzgerald is not specifically mentioned in Budd Schulberg's "The Disenchanted"—one of the year's strongest and most compelling novels—it is generally accepted that he is the model for Mr. Schulberg's central figure, Manley Halliday.

Many readers of the book are impressed with this ability of the author to create an authentic and artistic picture of the period for which Fitzgerald was even more a symbol than he was a spokesman. The gin-mills and the marathon-binges, the barbituates and the benzedrines, the tinsel and the ticker-tape, the upward spiral of profits and the downward spiral of ethics—all these characteristics of the Twenties seem to many readers of "The Disenchanted" to be part of an appalling and incredible age. How was it possible, one of them, a college senior asked, that the veneer and the varnish were not recognized for what they were at the time? Why did it take us so long to come to our senses?

But it seems to us that there is an even more important question. How is it possible that we are so ready to deplore the foibled Twenties and yet fail to realize that we are living the Twenties all over again today? It is almost as though the in-between years from 1929 to 1945 hardly existed, with the current period representing a continuation and extension of the Tinsel Twenties—with even added glint and glitter. Use any of the markers on the Fitzgerald yardstick. Whether with respect to cheap divorces, cheap dollars, cheap music, or cheap amusements, our own time can easily hold its own with almost any period in American history now so widely condemned. True, the gin is probably better than it was in the Twenties, and you don't have to know the bird behind the peep-hole to get at it, but the effect of prolonged soaking is no different from what it used to be with the exception, of course, that you now see much more of it. There are probably fewer messenger boys who are attempting to skyrocket their dollars on the stock market, and probably fewer widows and orphans who would be cruelly shoved out onto the cold sidewalks in the event of a crash. But the fast-swelling bag of national prosperity today is far from puncture-proof, and a blow-out will find even more victims than before.

Nor does the present prosperity necessarily make for even a temporary happiness for those who are lucky enough to be hitting the jackpot. All you have to do is to stand on a street corner of any busy city and observe the bleak and unhappy looks on the faces of so many people who are well dressed and well padded. Or ask yourself why so many people are in Reno to get severed, or on psychoanalysts' couches to get their psyches reassembled. Then consider how few people you know whose lives and attitudes reflect any real sense of design or purpose—though almost all of them would readily embrace a central purpose if only they knew what it looked like if they saw it.

Aside from the brittleness in manners and morals of Fitzgeraldian dimensions, our period has other well-defined characteristics worth recognition and examination. The future historian will probably be intrigued, in sorting the evidence, at the strange revival of superstitions. He will take due note of the fabulous business done by astrologers, crystal-ball gazers, tea-leaf readers, mediums, and cure-all quacks. He will find it significant that Washington should be one of the busiest fortune-telling cities in the world, with a clientele that would have stunned the Jeffersons and the Madisons and the Adamses—men who believed that public officers were the custodians of reason in a democracy. He will regard the popularity of such books as Velikovsky's "Worlds in Collision" as the significant tell-tale sign of intellectual softening—perhaps a case of reason-fatigue; the burden of carrying forward the Rational Tradition may have been too heavy.

APART from these similarities with the Twenties, the historian may decide that ours was a Jitters Decade. He would have in mind our hideous ineptness and clumsiness in coping with the threat of Communism. He would set down the fact that instead of clearly defining the problem precisely, instead of comprehending it clearly, so that we could meet it effectively, we proceeded to claw away at our own democratic institution. He would note that the very elements of the Communist ideology we professed to loathe were the ones we adopted ourselves: reputation-bombing, purges, guilt by association, the assault on constitutional government. He would

Entre Guerres

By David Morton

OUR HISTORY, roaring in the tortured womb,
Issued in pain: the shape was dragon-shape,
Was fire that sought a fuel to consume,
Was violence, with an appetite for rape.
Across three continents the track is slime,
Is crimson, is coagulated so
That nothing moves save heavy-footed time,
And there is no clean place for time to go.

Our history, here, has found a way to die
—In smells that do not die, in staring fears
That keep some memories of a smoky sky,
In this new silence where the listener hears
A sound of rumbling in the womb, again,
Of history, there, and what it wants of men.

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note that the resultant confusion and unraveling actually played into the hands of the Communists, whose basic strategy was to crush the conservative-liberal tradition everywhere in order to clear the battleground for the war between the extremes. Instead of fighting Communism by strengthening and enlarging humanitarian objectives, we turned on humanitarianism itself.

But what would probably intrigue and appall the future historian most of all about our times is the disposition of the nation to call attention to its blunders of the past but seldom to those of the present. In the late Thirties there was general and genuine regret over the blunder that caused America to turn her back on Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations, for then we realized that a strong League might have furnished a foundation for peace. Also in the late Thirties and into the Forties we recognized our past blunders in not stopping Hirohito in Manchuria, Mussolini in Ethiopia, and Hitler in the Rhineland—for we knew that the sacrifices that would have been necessary then to block aggression were as nothing compared with the mountains of blood and bone that were destined to be spent later. And in 1950 we could look back at San Francisco, recognizing fully our blunder in not sponsoring a strong United Nations with authority and power sufficient to prevent aggression. We freely and officially admitted that such a strong United Nations might have averted 25,000 American casualties in Korea.

But the big and blistering question the future historian will ask about our generation is this: how was it that we persisted in repeating the same errors we were so ready to recognize and renounce about the past? How was it—even during Korea—that we did not move promptly, boldly, dramatically to take the initiative away from Russia by a forthright policy in favor of giving the United Nations the powers of government? How was it we didn't comprehend that establishing armed contingents on a *voluntary* basis, with each nation enjoying supreme sovereignty in the determination of what force it might contribute and when, was only a small shuffle in the right direction instead of the firm and solid long step that was critically essential?

All these questions, of course, are related to the need to develop an analytical sense about our own time to go along with the free-and-easy retrospective wisdom about the past. —N. C.

F.I.F.

THE WRITERS and intellectuals who have escaped from Western Europe form a small but vital segment of the intellectual elite who are being systematically liquidated in all totalitarian countries. When they cross the border into Western Germany they are free to express their opinions, but they are condemned to a degrading and sterile existence in which they rapidly lose the hope of ever being able to use their creative talents. They are few in number, and they must and can be helped by other means than the pitiful, or perhaps degrading, doles of organized charity.

Realizing that a simple and direct approach to this was necessary, a group of writers — Graham Greene, John Dos Passos, James Farrell, Aldous Huxley, and Arthur Koestler — have pledged themselves to assign a fixed percentage of their income to refugee colleagues from Russia and the satellite countries. Thus Huxley has assigned 10 per cent of his American royalties, Greene, Farrell, and Dos Passos 10 per cent of their European royalties, and Koestler his earnings from the dramatization of "Darkness at Noon" to an organization they have created, "Fund for Intellectual Freedom, Inc." (F.I.F. for short), which will collect and distribute money under the guidance of designated members of the International Rescue Committee and the Secretariat of the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Europe. These organizations will gather lists of exiled intellectuals and their detailed case histories for F.I.F.

It is the purpose of the initiators to extend the opportunity of joining the F.I.F. to all writers and to university circles. Cash contributions will not be accepted, but any author may become a member by assigning part of his income, not less than 10 per cent of the author's royalties derived from a certain territory, or all income derived from a given work, or from its stage or screen rights. The F.I.F. works without administrative expenses. The aim is not charity, but a form of personal taxation, to be used to enable these exiles to return to creative work by advancing funds for writing a book, securing living quarters, passage overseas, or in any other way by which these exiled men and women can be saved from suffering and intellectual sterility. One of the first of F.I.F.'s actions is the establishment of a Russian publishing house and literary magazine in Western Europe. Similar constructive help will be extended to writers exiled from other totalitarian countries. *The Saturday Review* is glad to give its support to this splendid venture by bringing it to the notice of authors. Inquiries should be sent to Mrs. H. R. Knickerbocker, Nyack, New York, voluntary secretary of F.I.F. —H. S.

Good News

▸ Governor-Designate Gordon Persons, after making a personal tour of inspection, has charged that Haywood Patterson's "Scottsboro Boy" criticism of the Alabama prison system is true. Speaking at the Alabama Broadcasters Association convention, the governor-designate promised to clean out all present state department heads when he takes office and to seek the help of Federal prison experts to "find out what is wrong with Alabama prisons and what can be done about it." Mr. Persons said the "Scottsboro Boy" description of the state-prison system "will never be true again."

▸ A member of the Ewe tribe in West Africa recently was appointed as an examiner of the Royal College of Music in London, the first African ever to hold such a position. The new examiner is Ephraim Amu, whose musical compositions gave a new lease of life to many African folk songs. He is now writing an encyclopedia on African music.

▸ A Twentieth Century Fund survey shows that large-scale soil conservation and land-development programs could increase American agricultural production by 50 per cent.

▸ The South American republic of Colombia has become the first country in the world to allow the duty-free entry of educational, scientific, and cultural materials from abroad.

▸ The International Labor Office has begun the distribution throughout the world of a model code of safety regulations for underground work in coal mines. The code is designed for the guidance of governments and the coal-mining industry.

▸ The first children's hospital in Bolivia is being erected in La Paz by the Government of Bolivia with the technical aid of the World Health Organization and the financial assistance of UNICEF.

▸ Recommended for TV fans: Dumont-TV Station WABD, "Johns Hopkins Science Review" Tuesday evenings.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Coolidge Complex

SIR: Harrison Smith's editorial "Dilemma of the Young Novelist" [*SRL* Oct. 14] couldn't be righter. The older I grow the more I wonder at the blindness of those who are supposed to be covering the American scene. I still meet almost daily men who think Coolidge just stepped outside for a minute and will be back right after lunch.

SYLVIA F. PORTER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Harrison Smith, I see, is off again on his pet topic—the alleged lack of realism of contemporary novelists, who insist on writing of worthless characters amid sordid scenes in direct contravention to Mr. Smith's wistful longing for Pollyanna.

Where has Mr. Smith been living these past twenty years? Does he seriously believe that hopeful novels about sterling characters can spring from the sickly soil of 1950's chaotic culture? The "dilemma" of the young novelist exists only in Mr. Smith's mind and desires. He, along with the contest-sponsoring "Christian" publishers, want the young writer to see faith and happiness and joy where none exists. Perhaps they have the quaint notion that if enough Horatio Algers write their drivel, the world will take note and change to match.

If, Mr. Smith, you would read of pleasant themes about nice people in salubrious times, set to work on your society so as to produce such things. Then, as always, the young novelists will mirror them in their works.

JOSEPH A. MURPHY.

Venice, Calif.

SIR: If I wrote you every time I was pleased with the editorials in *The Saturday Review*, you would hear from me far too often, but I cannot refrain from saying thank you for the last paragraphs in particular of the "Dilemma of the Young Novelist."

ALMA LUTZ.

Berlin, N. Y.

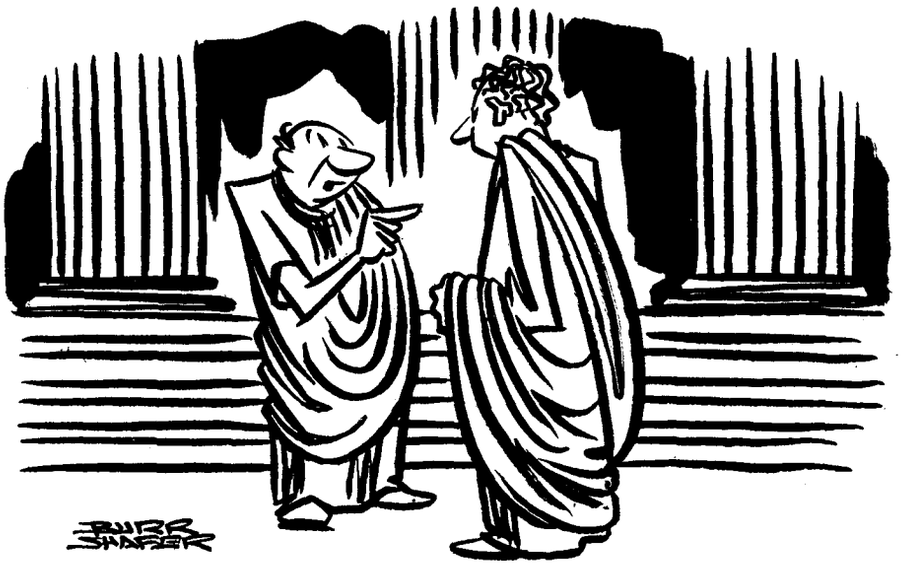
Violence for the Kiddies?

SIR: Most parents with children under the age of sixteen have experienced, in varying degrees, the violence of total war. This and the threat of a vastly more devastating violence implicit in atomic warfare are part and parcel of the mental and emotional atmosphere of our day. Its more immediate and tangible counterpart is the high content of violence (often violence for its own sake) to be found in today's comics, movies, television, and even books — a phenomenon very ably documented and discussed by Gilbert Seldes in his recent book, "The Great Audience."

As concerns the immediate problem of the kind of reading matter to which children should be exposed, there appear to be two distinct schools of thought. Quite a few parents, by way of "protecting" their children, favor a diet of "sweetness and light" *sans* any of the elemental passions so notable in children themselves. They seek to eliminate all contemporary reading matter that does not fit this formula and even go so far as to suggest that the Brothers Grimm were too grim in deed and that "Alice" was a denizen of Horrorland. Other parents claim that the more rough-and-ready fare, old and new, where violence and cruelty and even mayhem take their places among the virtues, not only helps the child psychologically to understand and accept violence as a part of life, but also helps him better to adjust himself to the real world he most certainly will inherit. What do your readers think?

GEORGE A. RYAN,
Editor, Chilren's Book Council *Annual*.

50 W. 53rd St.,
New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Don't try to argue. Just prove he had a friend who belonged to a pro-Carthage organization."

Befuddlers

SIR: Your editorial about writing intelligibly if one is going to write at all ["Completing the Scholar's Education," *SRL* Sept. 2] is a word that has sadly needed to be said. A lot of people seem to think they are not "writers" unless they befuddle the reader with obscurities of style and an inflated vocabulary—or else their own education has never been good enough to teach them clarity of thought and of expression.

The new column GOOD NEWS is the kind of encouragement we need in these troubled days.

WINFRED RHOADES.

Sudbury, Mass.

The Truly Damnable

SIR: If we must hesitate; if we must dance around the truth as Robert E. Sherwood does ["Most Terrible Drama of All Time," *SRL* Oct. 21] in failing to condemn the dropping of the atomic bomb, then we have lost our conscience. I for one would rather have truth walk up and kick me in the teeth than play tag. It was, indeed, the most hideous of crimes.

It is surprising how few things in this world are truly damnable. But those that are are like a drop of bluing in a tub of water—they permeate the whole.

CHARLES L. MCHARNESS.

Seattle, Wash.

SIR: The rationalization for the dropping of the atomic bomb as enunciated by Robert E. Sherwood was to me appalling. The deed itself was appalling, but for a writer and an artist, whose state should be one of awareness, to say that it saved lives and that it would be awful if dropped on a fool's paradise was more appalling.

Pascal once wrote: "All the mischief in the world is done by one thing: the inability to remain at rest within one's own room." Man today is afflicted with the jitters. And Sherwood's talk shows, as a deed itself, that he, too, has the jitters. The logical extension of these mental "shakes" is the billions spent on the pooling of land, uranium, and brains in order to smash atoms for the mass massacre of one's fellow man.

LLOYD L. SULLIVAN.

Palo Alto, Calif.

SIR: Robert E. Sherwood thinks that "the dramatist who has something of importance to say and says it—does not thrive in times such as these." How can we reconcile this view with the historical fact that most of the important works of Euripides were written during the Peloponnesian War (431-404 B.C.)? Although this period lacked "the stability of life" which Mr. Sherwood considers a prerequisite for creative drama, Euripides was able to produce

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such great masterpieces as "Hippolytus," "Iphigenia in Aulis," and the "Bacchae." In spite of the fact that these years were accompanied by class struggles, dictatorships, plagues, and violence, Euripides was able to attack in his dramas the problems which were generated by the beginning of "time of troubles" of the classical civilization. Other great Greek dramatists, too, wrote during the turbulent years of the Peloponnesian War. Thus Sophocles produced "Oedipus the King" and "Oedipus at Colonus," and Aristophanes "The Clouds" and "Lysistrata."

It seems to me that Mr. Sherwood tries to place the guilt for the lack of important new plays on social instability, while in reality it should be placed upon the dramatists themselves. American playwrights have followed the same pattern of thought as writers in other fields. They have completely misinterpreted and misunderstood the nature of Communism; they ignored its barbarism, its terrifying features. Instead of understanding Communism, they imputed to it mythical qualities that it never possessed, such as equality and humanitarianism. Events which followed the conclusion of the war left them mute. In spite of the importance of the issue, there has been no serious play by American playwrights on the subject of the present conflict. It's time that American dramatists stop blaming the absence of stability in the world, which did not deter Greek writers, and begin to interpret by the medium of their art the problems that arise from the present world situation.

NIKITA D. ROODKOWSKY.

New York, N. Y.

The Betty F. Coles

SIR: Never before in the forty-three years of my lifetime have I been impelled to address a letter to any publication, but the anti-American diatribe of Betty F. Cole [LETTERS, *SRL* Oct. 14] has made me so boiling mad, I can't resist the impulse to try to acquaint her with a few simple facts of international life.

I, too, have lived abroad, including two and a half years as an enlisted man in the last war, and know too well the Betty F. Coles and their kind—with their queerly inverted chauvinism, which self-righteously deplores all American shortcomings but condones their European counterparts as "quaint," "traditional," "charming," "colorful," etc., etc., etc.

For every American GI who sits in a Vienna bar drunk and consorting with prostitutes I venture to say Miss Cole could find, if she would look, dozens of decent, upstanding kids trying to make the best of a bad job—doing pretty darn well at it, too—and liked and respected by their hosts. And, after all, the bar, the liquor, and the prostitutes are all Viennese, aren't they? And does Miss Cole imagine that the soldiers of any other occupying army in history have been, exclusively, Little Lord Fauntleroys? Let Miss Cole reflect that tomorrow her nineteen-year-old may leave the bar and the prostitutes and go out and lay down his life in a war which will be fought so that she may continue to agree with her European friends that Americans are uncouth.

If Betty F. Cole finds it impossible to "defend" America to our critics abroad, let her come home, where she will find the wheels turning as we prepare to protect not only ourselves but her critical European friends—as we have done before and shall probably have to do again—from the onslaught of tyrants. Let her surrender her place to one who, while conscious of the defects in the still-realizable dream called America, is yet sensible of the great accomplishments, both material and spiritual, which have helped and help now to make it realizable.

JAMES REACH.

New York, N. Y.

Son of God Gospel

SIR: Frederick Keller Stamm implies ["Church vs. Christianity," *SRL* Sept. 23] that there is an antithesis between a *creed* and a *life*. The contrary is true. The belief (*credo*, I believe) is the origin of the life. Christian life and thought stem from a belief in Jesus Christ as God incarnate. The validity of Christian principles rests solely upon Christ's divine authority, and without that authority Christian principles have no greater claim to consideration than any other philosophy or ideology. If Jesus was only a man, his teachings cannot be basically different in importance from the teachings of Karl Marx or Adolf Hitler, and their validity is solely a matter of personal opinion, according to the particular standard of ethics which we have been conditioned to accept. In our Western culture the impact of the Christian Church has produced a "climate of opinion" in which Christian standards are at least recognized as desirable. Because we have taken the validity of Christian principles for granted, we have been enabled to overlook the basic fact of Jesus's teaching, namely: that He claimed to be literally and in very truth the Son of God.

The so-called "simple Gospel" — which recognizes Jesus only as a great and good man—is not only illogical and impossible to uphold in the light of all the facts, but when translated into social action it is disastrous. The moment we make human welfare our chief consideration—thereby relegating God to the position of a nice idea, conforming comfortably to our personal opinions—that moment we become vulnerable to the sin of pride, the emphasis shifts imperceptibly from the service of humanity to the service of ourselves as individuals, and social welfare and progress turn into disaster and destruction. This is the ultimate end of "deifying humanity" and, by extension, ourselves.

Let us make no mistake about the "simplicity" of the Christian Gospel. It is not simple. Its seeming simplicity is part of the measureless resources of God, in which He can stoop to the level of little children, and yet transcend the greatest heights of man's understanding. John Ruskin's statement—"If there is anything in Christianity that a child cannot understand, no other need try to"—is nonsense.

MARGARET KEPHART.

Amityville, N. Y.

No for "No"

SIR: Let me dissent strongly from the purely negative conception of democracy in the editorial entitled "No" [*SRL* Oct 7]. Considering the government as something the individual is to be protected *from*, rather than as an instrument to be used *for* the common good, is an antiquated liberalism most strongly advocated by proponents of a type of *laissez-faire* economics that twentieth-century democrats have often been strongly opposing. Democracy in its present form seems to be much more closely related to such basic, positive ideas as equality of rights and opportunities than to any list of prohibitions, setting the individual and his government in opposition to each other.

"Freedom is positive and not merely negative—the presence of opportunity rather than the mere absence of restraint," as is pointed out by Melvin Rader in his "Ethics and Society." For example, the freedom to publish important books on which no one can make a profit is a hollow type of freedom for either the writer or the potential reader. Providing the means of public enlightenment and development may be as truly a function of democratic government as refraining from legal prohibitions on publication. Why not bring eighteenth-century liberalism up to the needs of twentieth-century democracy?

DENTON L. GEYER.

Columbia, Mo.

SIR: It does not appear to me that American democracy can be defined by negative terms. It stems from our revolutionary Declaration of Independence: "That all men are created equal; . . . with inherent and inalienable rights . . . to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; . . . that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." These are the most dynamic and affirmative secular declarations of human dignity and human rights to be found in Western world history. They constitute the premises of American democracy. There is not a negative note or term in them. Upon these premises the Constitution was adopted, containing specific provisions to implement these rights. The Preamble is likewise a dynamic and affirmative declaration of purpose to establish and secure the rights defined in the Constitution.

The restraints and prohibitions in the ten articles quoted in the editorial are safeguarding limitations. Our democracy does not derive its character from these restraints and prohibitions, but from the affirmative rights and principles which they are intended to secure.

MERLE D. VINCENT.

Santa Rosa, Calif.

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Publishers' Corner

LESSONS FROM THE PAPER COVERS: PART II

I REPORTED here last time [*SRL* Oct. 21] that the 25¢ pocket-book business volume had risen from a pittance in 1939 to some 200 million copy sales this year. The interim progress of other books has been relatively moribund. This piece is intended to contrast the selling methods in original book publishing and those adopted by the 25¢ field. Original book publishers today find much to study in the pocket-sized merchandising and manufacturing practices and may soon adopt some of them in their end of the business.

Distinctions in operating mechanics are startling. The pocket-sized field has had to find a way to get large-scale distribution. Out of it has come a fraction-of-a-cent-per-copy profit. This is a business which sells at 15½¢ to 16¢ a copy to a wholesaler. He in turn gets 19¢ or 20¢ or less from a retailer. The public pays 25¢. All three (publisher, distributor, bookseller) must make some money, and they often make it in large gobs. How is that done on so small a margin, when original book sales need so very much more price? Here are some not-too-subtle distinctions.

1. Original book publishing has very little truck with middlemen, jobbers, wholesalers. It services all booksellers it can; it competes continuously with impudent middlemen who threaten. But the 25¢ field has, contrariwise, built up magnificent mid-cooperation. The result: in original book publishing the jobber is on a continuous spot and in the continuous discard with booksellers, because they can give so little on service, inventory, or selling aid. In 25¢ publishing the jobber is the dealer's great white hope. He does a cradle-to-grave job, helping to build the business, keeping his racks full, his store clean, getting him new customers.

2. Original publishers compete with their normal distribution system. They also give the jobber a widow's mite as his cut—perhaps about 10 per cent of the retail price. That isn't enough to encourage big inventories, aggressive selling, and decent bookseller service. In 25¢ publishing the dealer's take is enough to do a very good job. He buys in great masses for 15½¢ to 16¢ and sells for 19¢ to 20¢. Or he might make special deals with very good accounts down to 17½¢. But our own study of important dealers tells us he usually has a fine margin on which to build his inventory, his customers, and his service. We have not yet been able to say that of booksellers [see *SRL* Sept. 16].

3. In theory, at least, *the original publisher sells his goods outright.* The retailer assumes an inventory risk. In practice the original publisher cannot stay long in business without making many concessions. So his margin is untrue; he must, as a matter of business practice, accept returns. In the 25¢ field books are sold on a *wholly returnable basis*; goods shipped out are considered as shipments, not as sales.

4. Twenty-five-cent book publishers recognize that they have a *continuing service job to their outlets* if they hope to get sales. So into the field have come big sales staffs, expensive racks, window strips, many, many other dealer aids in point of sale displays. The money poured into these dealer aids is far more than found in original book publishing. Pocket Books, Inc., has put more than $2,000,000 into its racks; Bantam and New America Library each more than $700,000 in their shorter history of development as major companies in the field; Dell has spent a half million for its racks.

5. In the 25¢ field selection of an unsalable book means a high loss. Hence, the publisher must know what the public will buy; he must know how to develop new readers for a book already published. That means a system designed to tell him quickly what is selling and in what part of the country a book is selling best. Little of that is done in original publishing.

6. Essential to mass selling of the pocket books is maximum display, maximum number of outlets, much investment in racks, posters, point of sale promotion. This the 25¢ publisher does with far greater emphasis than the original publisher. He has to do it inasmuch as the books move on a self-service basis. We've learned in big American business that we get mass movements of good merchandise that way, not in waiting for the crowd to beat a path to our door. Add another thing done so much better by the pocket-sized industry in building impulse sales: it has found highly acceptable book construction, plus fully descriptive blurbs on the front and back cover to sell the author and the book.

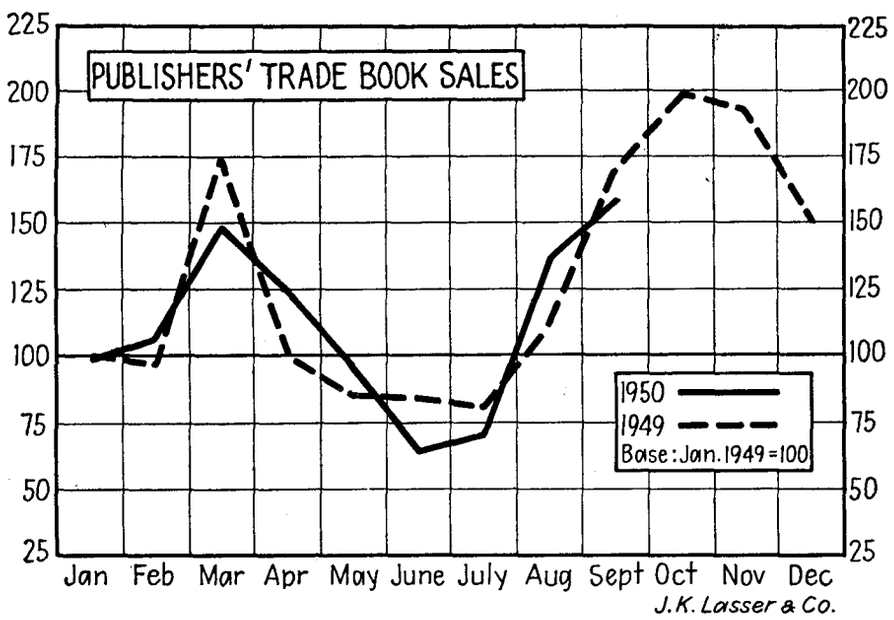
HOW MANY of these 25¢ reprint methods will eventually be adopted by original trade-book publishing? How much is feasible in this scheme of very cheap pricing of sturdy books, the merchandising, different dealer relations, the constant testing of where to sell and how to do it, the greater emphasis on the book cover and blurbs to sell the product, the heavy emphasis on point-of-sale advertising and publisher investment into dealer racks and displays? The 25¢ field has proven excellent profits possible with its system of distribution. Smart original book publishers watch the process with an eager eye, study it at very close range with the reprint houses.

This series on the 25¢ field will wind up next month with a detailed examination of the present relationship between the 25¢ reprint business and original book publishing.

* * *

In September trade-book sales were 92 per cent of those in the preceding September. The sales for the first nine months were 98 per cent of the same period in 1949. Our index covers the sales to all sorts of distributors.

—J. K. LASSER.



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Fiction. *There is a modern object lesson in André Gide's "Two Legends: Oedipus and Theseus," in which the two types of heroes on which the future of the world depends confront each other: the moral man of action who discovers the necessity for personal suffering and redemption, and the ruthless conqueror who is incapable of remorse for the havoc and death he creates. Robert Payne's "The Young Emperor" is one of the best of recent historical novels. It is the story of a conventional Englishman of the seventeenth century who blunders into stirring adventures at the Mogul Court of Shah Jehan. Another commercial adventurer is the hero of Lawrence Klingman and Gerald Green's "His Majesty O'Keefe," a story of the South Seas eighty years ago. Irwin Shaw is rapidly becoming one of the finest of our socially conscious short-story writers. "Mixed Company" his latest collection, contains his best-known and some new work.*

Variations on Classic Airs

TWO LEGENDS: Oedipus and Theseus. By André Gide. Translated by John Russell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 115 *pp.* $3.

By Morris Bishop

THIS is Gide at his best—cool, intelligent, graceful. Playing variations on classic airs, he retells the stories of Oedipus and Theseus, infusing into them his own values, his ever provisional conclusions. His unity is the theme of man and his fate. One hero defies fate, the other turns it to his ends.

"Oedipe" was published in France in 1931. Gide termed it then his intellectual testament. It is cast in the form of a Sophoclean tragedy, but not much of Sophocles remains. Oedipus is first shown as the strong individualist, who has conquered his own happiness. But Tiresias points out that such untroubled happiness is blasphemy. In the end Oedipus must blind himself, to admit God into his heart and to bring happiness to men at the price of his sufferings. Gide the Young Communist is speaking, between his journey to the Congo and his trip to Moscow (which ended like Napoleon's).

But in 1946, when he published "Thésée," the war had passed over him. (His facility in evolving with the times is one reason for his unfading popularity.) Theseus is the man of action, the world-accepter, the world-builder, who feels no remorse or regret for the blood shed in the building, nor for the grieving hearts of cast-off women along his way. The capital scene is the confrontation of Theseus and Oedipus, which Malraux had suggested to Gide back in 1931. (But the scene is in Sophocles, and Gide could perfectly well have suggested it to himself.)

Oedipus "had stood man upright before the riddle of life, and dared to oppose him to the gods. How then, and why, had he accepted defeat?" Oedipus explains that he had blinded himself because he had failed to see Fate's evidence. But in darkness he had found a source of supernatural light, illuminating the world of the spirit. "And this imperceptible world (inaccessible, I mean, to our senses) is, I now know, the only true one." Oedipus confesses further that in his self-blinding there was "an indefinable secret longing to follow my fortunes to their farthest limit, to give the final turn of the screw to my anguish, and to bring to a close the destiny of a hero. Perhaps I dimly foresaw the grandeur of suffering and its power to redeem; that is why the true hero is ashamed to turn away from it."

The two philosophic tales are delightful and nourishing food for the reader. Great issues are made easy, in Gide's lucid, melodious, effortless style. There is plenty of humor; but one may reflect that anachronism is the easiest comic device.

The translation, by John Russell, is in general excellent. Only occasionally is Gide's harmonious colloquialism dropped a peg. Thus "Ariadne stuck to me like a ball-and-chain" falsifies the tone of "*j'étais claquemuré par Ariane.*" And what, for heaven's sake, is "the fatuosity of the queen" (for *faste*)?

Morris Bishop is professor of romance languages at Cornell University.

—*John Engstead.*

Irwin Shaw—"the essence of a character."

Best of Irwin Shaw

MIXED COMPANY: Collected Stories. By Irwin Shaw. New York: Random House. 480 *pp.* $3.75.

By William Peden

IN 1936 Irwin Shaw achieved sudden notoriety with "Bury the Dead," a savage antiwar play. Since then he has written several other plays, a best-selling novel, and three volumes of short stories. "Mixed Company" contains the best of these and several hitherto unpublished or uncollected stories. The collection is an important one. Mr. Shaw is probably the most artistic and articulate exponent of the socially-conscious short story writing today.

Among Mr. Shaw's best-known and most memorable stories are those directly or indirectly connected with war and the effect of war, violence, and intolerance: "Gunners' Passage," "Sailor Off the Bremen," "Act of Faith," "Walking Wounded." Of these and similar stories I like "Gunners' Passage" the best. Unlike some of Mr. Shaw's too-facile stories, it gains upon repeated readings and the inevitable changes of emotional climate frequently so destructive to "war" stories. Nothing much *happens* in this story of three enlisted men at an Air Force base in North Africa; the men simply talk and think about their past experiences and what lies ahead of them. Yet the work is eloquent in its simplicity and revealing in its understanding of simple men of good will in a violent world. Here Mr. Shaw's

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power lies in his ability to capture the essence of a character by the revealing statement, gesture, or thought.

In technically more amitious stories, like "Sailor Off the Bremen," Mr. Shaw essays an allegorical study of the individual and national hatreds and tensions growing out of opposing ideologies. As the story of a politically naive American athlete who beats a Nazi to pieces, "Sailor Off the Bremen" precipitates the reader into a web of intrigue culminating in a shattering, brutal climax. All this is superbly handled. But as a study of opposing ideologies it is both confused and confusing. Whose, for example, is the real evil? Where does the real responsibility lie? I frequently feel, after rereading a story like this or "Act of Faith" or "Medal from Jerusalem," that Mr. Shaw stacks his cards too neatly, that he oversimplifies his moral, social, or political problems to fit the needs of a preconceived thesis.

In another group of stories, Mr. Shaw depicts with equal facility the manners and mores of American civilians during the Thirties and Forties: a disillusioned ex-football player whose life with an "intellectual" wife has been one of gradual disintegration ("80-yard Run"); a college professor victimized by nerves, that modern substitute for the medieval devil who undermines so many of Mr. Shaw's characters ("The Climate of Insomnia"); a charming phony who seeks to cover his own inadequacies by an unsuccessful search for an animate or inanimate scapegoat; a Garboesque dancer whose career is ruined by a bald man and an olive ("Welcome to the City").

Mr. Shaw's people seem wonderfully alive, even when the author descends to caricature and burlesque. Like Dickens, Mr. Shaw has created, prodigally, a crowded gallery of memorable people. Like Dickens, too, he handles scenes superbly; from the crummy atmosphere of a third-rate New York hotel to the oppressive heat of an Army newspaper office in Algiers, his stories are firmly anchored in time and space. And he communicates experience with a narrative felicity and sincerity which redeem even a frequently far-fetched, sentimental, or one-sided situation.

Young Shah Jehan

THE YOUNG EMPEROR. By Robert Payne. New York: The Macmillan Co. 357 pp. $3.50.

By J. G. Hitrec

IT WAS bound to happen—any good doctor would have prognosticated it. The strains of the Pacific Northwest, the fast living in the Deepest South, the villainy of the Spanish Main had thinned the bloodstream of the historical romance to a point where a change of air was imperative. Readers of Robert Payne's "Young Emperor" will realize that this has now been accomplished, and with a bold abandon typical of the best in its long and perilous tradition. The new climate is the heat of seventeenth-century India, in which intrigue and treachery sprout like fungi on the unlovely body of history. In this heady new atmosphere morals decline a notch or two; life is cheaper than ever; virtue gets hardly anywhere. A trying climate for the queasy, on the whole.

Framed as a memoir of an English adventurer, the "Emperor" chronicles the rise to power of the builder of Taj Mahal—Shah Jehan, the most controversial and picturesque of Moguls. The volume, first of a projected pair, is concerned with the emperor as a young man and with his accession. Mr. Payne has chosen to see him as a splendid and enigmatic figure at the very apex of Mogul India, an oriental despot with highly subjective notions of right and truth, a man of taste in the arts, a dreamer of Alexander's cast. The paradox of Shah Jehan is that this glowing impression is just as valid as the other one: of a brutal son and casual murderer. But there are moments in every history which the popular imagination insists on improving and it accords perhaps with our wistfulness over the unique Taj Mahal to demand that its builder be slightly more than life-size. To this urge Mr. Payne caters freely, with a sanguine touch.

Stephen Taverner, a young Devonshire man with the twin endowments of courage and lack of imagination, sails to India on a fancy, but is soon put to work for the English Company at Surat, where, almost at once, he finds himself greatly exposed on a crowded scene. The English and Portuguese are contending for the favor of the Mogul court, in its heyday at the time. Taverner is a shipwright by trade and a gunsmith of sorts and so becomes a pawn in the power game the English are playing with the aging emperor and his son, prince Shah Jehan. Taverner's story, written in

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his old age at Kashmir, relates the use his limited talents were put to, the honors and influence they brought him in his bewildered march through Hindustan. A dullard he may be, but at the prodding of Mr. Payne's quill Taverner gets into more scrapes than is usually given to a hero. He makes guns for Shah Jehan and is paid with a title and a mistress. Sita is all a reader could wish for: cleavage or no, she makes the affairs of Amber seem rudimentary. Sita's instincts are the one reliable point of reference in a welter of plotting and sudden death, but her exit is premature and violent. Taverner himself is imprisoned, escapes, to make more guns for Shah Jehan and help him win the throne.

Such is the story thread, and a redder one could not be imagined. On it Mr. Payne has strung a wealth of episodes that flare and gutter like Bengal lights, not so much to illuminate as to dazzle in their own right. In these flashes an army of minor characters swarms on, everlastingly distrustful of one another: courtiers, warriors, libertines, and all. The air is heavy with sandal perfume and the tang of dust. The weird oriental blend of savagery and hashish-sniffing hedonism broods on each page like a hallucination on the point of becoming life itself, yet never quite seeming to. Sometimes, as if by chance, the "feel" of the East grows all but tactile, though not for long: a clamorous, gaudy, exalted quality, a deliberate search for the bizarre, inflate it right away beyond recognition. But it is all part of a flamboyant design. Mr. Payne is out to entertain, and he does it with a gusty enthusiasm that is often irresistible. If in the end one is left reeling a little, it is worth bearing in mind that there is a sequel yet to come. One of the admirable qualities of Mr. Payne is that he may be depended on to clear away the litter and leave the place in as good an order as he has found it.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 868)

C. MORLEY:
*OLD MANDARIN AT THE U.N.**

(With Malik Aforethought)

History could not be worse
If some of it were put in verse;
A man I like is Gladwyn Jebb . . .
I listen hard to Mr. Malik
  So grimly dolichocephalic . . . .
I respect Senator Austin, Warren . . .
But best I love Sir Benegal,
Most philosophic of them all.

*From *The New York Times Magazine*, Sept. 17, 1950
Next two lines are:
But, I beg, remember these
Are from unpartisan Chinese.

White King of Yap

—From "His Majesty O'Keefe."

HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE. By Lawrence Klingman and Gerald Green. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 356 pp. $3.50.

By FLETCHER PRATT

DAVID DEAN O'KEEFE, a merchant skipper of Savannah, Georgia, killed a man aboard his ship under circumstances that made his plea of self-defense stand up, but brought him something approaching social ostracism in the proud and threadbare city. In August 1870 one of his sailors got drunk and attacked him; O'Keefe beat the fellow up and threw him overboard; then, without waiting to make certain whether he had committed a second homicide, jumped aboard a ship that was just hoisting sail for the South Seas, leaving behind a daughter and a beautiful but frigid wife.

The ship was wrecked on the island of Yap in the Eastern Carolines. O'Keefe, the only survivor, was kindly treated by a native magician and by the philosophical agent of the German trading farm which was trying to establish a commercial empire in the broad belt of Central Pacific islands. On Yap their venture had met with complete lack of success; nothing could induce the natives to work at producing copra from the cocoanuts in which the island abounded. But O'Keefe noticed that their wealth consisted of large stone wheels with a hole bored in the center, and the natives spared no effort and no peril in making long overseas trips to Babelthaob in the Palaus, where they quarried this peculiar coinage.

Accordingly, after O'Keefe had made one highly successful trading voyage as skipper of a junk backed by a wealthy Chinese dentist of Hong Kong, he bought out the ship and set up a novel commercial monopoly. At Yap he picked up natives, whom he carried to the Babelthaob quarry, where they were able to produce currency of a size and fineness never before seen on their island. Back at Yap the fees for transportation were paid for in copra and the dried flesh of the sea-slug, much prized by the Chinese as a material for soup. At Hong Kong O'Keefe's cargoes commanded such prices that he could send a draft for fifteen hundred dollars to his wife after every voyage, and still have enough left over to maintain one of the most luxurious establishments ever seen in the islands.

Yet these drafts only represented a habit, a romantic concession to duty, for soon after the first voyage O'Keefe had acquired another wife, a half-caste daughter of the white king of Nauru, who bore him several children and was happy with him. Toward the natives he was just, kind, and understanding. He protected them against the activities of the notorious blackbirder Bully Hayes, whom he single-handed brought to book; he helped them protect themselves against the German commercial octopus and the Spaniards, who tried to make Yap a part of their empire.

This then is the story, into the main thread of which are woven half a dozen subsidiary plots and pictures of personalities, some of them very remarkable and all worthy of attention. Part of it is obviously fictive—O'Keefe's emotional passages with women, for example—part is obviously historical record. But the authors have succeeded in the almost incredible feat of welding fiction and fact together so closely that it is impossible to detect the joint in any given instance, and at the same time they have produced a book that is both fascinating narrative and a footnote to history. This one should last a long time.

Fiction Notes

DR. JOHNSON'S DEAR MISTRESS, by Winifred Carter. Philosophical Library. $3. This book purports to be a fictionalized biography of Mrs. Hester Thrale, with particular emphasis on her twenty-year friendship with Dr. Johnson. In it Hester is a frisky young miss who marries a dull, stolid brewer, then lionizes Dr. Johnson (who becomes her lamb), and finally as a widow marries the romantic Piozzi. A brief epilogue

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finishes her off, in the best cinematic style, as a brittle old lady seeing her life flash through her memory. It is hard to conceive of a more inept book than this superficial and fussy treatment, which reads as though intended for young ladies (of a past era) to skim while munching an apple or gnawing some fresh fudge. Here is a specimen of the style: "But alas the tiny year-old Anna took to herself wings. Like a flower born out of due time, she drooped, she died." And there are many more like it. Everything else is breathless and light, and almost entirely in dialogue which—except for the welcome gleam of a Johnsonian quotation—is dull and vapid.

The problem of Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson is without doubt a fascinating and a devious one, and in the hands of intelligent writers like J. W. Krutch and Katherine Balderston can be attacked in an informed, mature way. Miss Balderston's essay in "The Age of Johnson" (1949) is a startling revelation of the doctor and his dear mistress, and compared with Miss Carter's fluffy fiction proves how much stranger is the truth. Her fiction might have had more body if she had used the two most essential books about her heroine, the voluminous complete diary, "Thraliana," and the standard biography by James Clifford.—ROBERT HALSBAND.

RING IN THE NEW, by Laura Harris. Morrow. $3. Mrs. Harris's tirelessly detailed family chronicle of the Campbells of Rivertown, Indiana, during the year 1900 will no doubt pleasure (as Susie Campbell would put it) a large number of readers who enjoy for its own sake the nostalgic revoking of a way of life which has gone with the Church Supper as the center of social activity. As a graphic and almost documentary recollection of a period "Ring in the New" has exceptional virtue and interest. I regret to say, however, that I found the Campbells themselves, Mother, Father, Gramma, and five girls, faithfully reported upon in a blow-by-blow account of every family incident, a rather dull lot. Too much of Mrs. Harris's book is concerned with family trivia, accurately reproduced, carefully observed, but in its very essence dull.

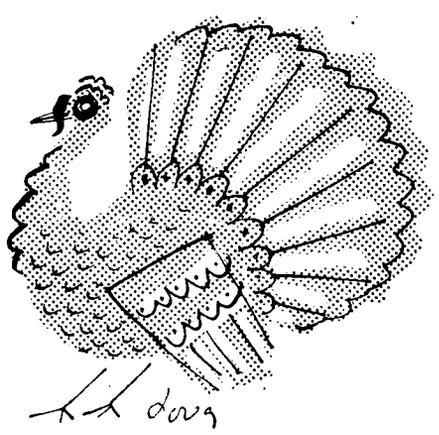
The events which engage the Campbells during the momentous Turn of the Century are Mama's rivalry with the Preacher's wife over who is to take the lead in church activities and tend the Communion Service plate; Martha's reluctance to marry a suitor to whom she has been engaged for five years; Ann's eagerness to marry; Mollie's determination to get a job in the city; Papa's suspicious sprucing up upon the arrival of the Preacher's attractive wife and what measures Mama takes to subdue Papa and to quell the local gossip.

As a nostalgic period piece "Ring in the New" is excellent; as a family chronicle I cannot feel it particularly memorable.—SARA HENDERSON HAY.

DAUGHTER OF STRANGERS, by Elizabeth Boatwright Coker. Dutton. $3. After dusting the furniture for nearly a hundred pages the personages of this pre-Civil-War saga get off to a leisurely amble that circles about Charlotte Le Jeune. The furniture is that Charlotte is one-eighth Negro, the daughter of a beautiful quadroon she never saw and a blond "white gentleman" she remembers only vaguely. But, of course, Charlotte's skin is creamy white and her hair a ravishing titian, touched with red fires that light eternal flames in men's hearts. And Charlotte is doomed to be sold to the Gaillard family of Mississippi as a slave, because in the old South, suh, one drop of Negro blood makes a nigra.

Charlotte, it seems, is supposed to be the mistress of Inigo Gaillard, who, although married and with two sons, is woefully sex-starved. Or so his wise old mother thinks. At first, Inigo won't have her, then she won't have him, and all this spreads out over oyster roasts, horse breakings, old slave singing jamborees, and a horse-race in which somehow the resale of Charlotte is involved.

Very much in earnest about the whole thing, the author has tried to do a serious study of a girl nearly white, caught in an impossible situation under the racial caste system of the South. But her heroine in French hoop skirts, well educated, with the bearing and tastes of a lady, is glamorized beyond endurance and certainly beyond credibility. This is the person we see shunted into stinking slave cottages, mooning hopelessly but persistently after the white man Inigo, "whose love she knows he can never give her." Was there ever such a person on earth? Mrs. Coker is a South Carolinian and knows her background of slave chants, menus, and a thousand other details that slow up a story which doesn't move very fast anyway. The book goes from 1830 to 1865 and leaves Charlotte married to a half-Negro doctor, doing her best to bring enlightenment to the blacks, whom she is reconciled to calling "her people." —PATRICIA HIGHSMITH.



THE SALT AND THE SAVOR, by Howard W. Troyer. A. A. Wyn. $3. After reading Mr. Troyer's first novel it would seem pedantic to argue the point that it is not a novel at all but rather a collection of short stories. His vivid reconstruction of the Indiana frontier country and the people who carried the seeds of hope and the germs of destruction for this new community being born in the wilderness constitutes an exciting and completely satisfying book. Based on historically authentic incidents, each chapter or story rounds out for us the picture of the life and times of these American pioneers. Early forms of education, conflicting political, religious, and moral principles, experiments in communal living, retaliation against thieving "blacklegs," and, finally, involvement in the Civil War are all shown to the reader through the eyes of these vigorous people. Uncle Perry's dry humor is the salt of the book; his adventures are its savor. How he came to chew tobacco, to know Pottawatomie Joe, to meet his cousin Hiram, are more than merely entertaining stories, and each is spiced with the fascinating dialect of his contemporaries. "How they built the big house, and Maggie Cooper came to take off her breeches," "How the Regulators hanged Gregory McDougal," and "How the good Lord drowned Jim Ballard, and Libby Dingham saw the angels before she died" are three of the best tales in the collection. —JOSEPH M. GRANT.

TEQUILA, by Margaret Page Hood. Coward-McCann. $3. Tequila, whose real name is Ynocencia, is an enviable heroine, the kind who should cause modern teen-agers to turn quite green. By the time she is nineteen she has wreaked such havoc among the male population of Las Tres Hermanitas, a New Mexican town at the turn of the century, that three victims meet violent death on her account. So potent are her charms, she is nicknamed for the heady Mexican beverage. The jacket blurb writer must have borrowed some of the author's purple ink to write, "sweet as sin, innocent as a mickey finn, safe as a baby cobra, they called her Tequila."

This baby cobra operates against a

(*Continued on page* 38)

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GBS

(*Continued from page 13*)

prefaces, as Dryden did, "because I *can*." I do not mean to subtract from the enrichment Dryden made to English prose when he was in a prefatory mood. I must insist, however, that Shaw's prefaces are in a class of their own. They are sizable additions to the gaiety of nations and the joys of reading. Prolix they may be; yet, if they tire, it is only because in them Shaw gives us no rest from his own untiring brilliance.

"Effectiveness of assertion," he contended, "is the alpha and omega of style. He who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none." Shaw never lacked something to say and always said it with incredible vitality and apparently without effort. His sentences, as Winston Churchill (himself no mean stylist) observed, are colored with "a debating tinge."

The two vital qualities Shaw demanded of literature were "light and heat." Both of these his writing possessed to an unmatched degree. He did not believe, as many now seem to, that a great writer uses his skill to conceal his meaning. Although he did not object to writing for profit, he seldom wrote without a purpose. He had only contempt for "art for art's sake." However gay his words or bold his overstatements, Shaw's intentions were apt to be serious. He may have been the born mountebank he described himself as being, but he was also a puritan.

He was an author who, as a boy, had been brought up in a musical household. This training was not wasted on him. His prose has the dancing lightness and the shining precision of Mozart. It is also capable of deeper Wagnerian sonorities. Hazlitt described wit as "the eloquence of indifference." Shaw, however, was witty not because he did not care but because he did. He could also rise to passages of great melodic beauty. His plays are studded with speeches quivering with a prophet's fervor and with sentences which literally sing themselves. Although not written in verse, they make most contemporary dramatic speeches written as poetry seem like the most meager and muffled of prose.

In spite of the multiplicity of his interests and his talents, the often ignored source of Shaw's greatness lay in the dimensions of his spirit. As surely as there was nothing little about his thinking, there was nothing little about his feeling. He never waged war on individuals. He waged war on the ideas for which they stood. His gift for forgiveness was even greater than his need at times to be forgiven. He was essentially good, kindly, clean, and gentle. His spiritual largeness explains why he, the supposed clown and acknowledged wit, was able to understand the dilemmas of such a man of action as Caesar, and to write in "Androcles and the Lion" and "Saint Joan" the two most beautiful religious plays to have come out of the modern theatre.

Although Shaw, the iconoclast, saw through men and institutions, he never lost his hope for what men might become if only they resolved to live up to their potentialities and outgrow their present limitations. The Life-Force, about which he wrote, was a potent factor in his own living. His plea was for progress. He loathed the shirkers, the loafers, the talent-squanderers, and time-wasters who deny themselves "the true joy in life" by not being used for a purpose they recognize "as a mighty one." The demands he made on himself were as unrelenting as those he made on others. Yes, and on God, too.

It is something to have lived on this planet as the contemporary of such a titan as George Bernard Shaw. Although he was mortal enough to die, we have not lost him. Of him it can be truly said, as he said of William Morris, "You can lose a man like that by your own death, but not by his."

"A REAL HAPPY TIME"—*Barnes, Her.-Trib.*
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
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"Maturity and gayety are an irresistible combination, and this play has both. 'MISTER ROBERTS' has more show vitality than anything since 'What Price Glory?'. For a rollicking, sobering, tender and passionate side-splitting twinge of the heart—'MISTER ROBERTS'." —WALTER WINCHELL
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WILLIAM HARRIGAN • DICK VAN PATTEN
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.

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Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
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N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD and DONALDSON AWARD
the ETHEL WATERS
in
Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
EMPIRE THEA., B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

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SRL Goes to the Movies

FROM FOOTLIGHTS TO KLIEG

THERE are many film critics who maintain stoutly that movies never should and never can effectively be made from stage plays. The two media, they insist, are not only completely different but completely opposed to each other. In this past week there have been two new films, both made from successful plays, that would tend to confirm arguments both for or against this view. Oddly enough, the play that was adapted with outstanding success to the screen was just the one that would seem to pose the knottiest film problems — Edmond Rostand's ultra-romantic, ultra-poetic drama "Cyrano de Bergerac."* The other was the third screen incarnation of George Kelly's popular portrait in acid of Craig's wife, "Harriet Craig."†

"Harriet Craig," to get her out of the way as quickly as possible, departs rather widely from Kelly's original text. In this adaptation psychiatry is brought prominently into the action, the sub-theme in which Harriet selfishly tries to break up a romance between her niece and her husband's assistant is elaborated, and Harriet is provided with the familiar Joan Crawford background of laundry girl to riches. But all of these plot embellishments are still handled very much within the conventional three walls of a one-set play. True, the action does move occasionally to other locales—which is to say that the scene of the talk shifts from time to time. Now we are in Harriet's boudoir, now in her husband's laboratory, now in his employer's office, and now back again in the flawless Craig living room. The *style* of presentation, however, remains the same—the purposeful talk of a well-written play. Because of all this talk, and also because none of the players seem quite at ease in projecting it, "Harriet Craig" adds up to an overlong evening spent listening to the chatter of a rather boring group of people.

But "Cyrano" . . . those who remember "Cyrano" through years of Walter Hampden "farewell appearances," even those who saw José Ferrer's stage "Cyrano" of a few seasons back, will be quite unprepared for the drive, the tempo, the movement of this new screen version. For on the stage "Cyrano" moved chiefly through the power of its language. There was action with the famous "rhyming duel," but for the rest physical action was largely a matter of events described by words. Carl Foreman's screen play, built out from the familiar Brian Hooker translation, skilfully supplies images for those words, and even more skilfully supplements words with action that somehow never obscures the text.

I would suggest that Foreman here has succeeded in doing what Sir Laurence Olivier always wanted to do in his two Shakespearean movies, "Hamlet" and "Henry V." Pruning speeches, translating descriptive passages into pictures, using language richly where it describes personality (Cyrano's "No, thank you" speech) and sparsely where it might repeat what our eyes have already told us—he has fully developed Rostand's poetic drama into film terms. No doubt the fact that he was working with unhallowed Rostand rather than revered Shakespeare facilitated the process. There are not so many Rostand purists to insist upon the inclusion of every speech—and fewer speeches whose absence or manipulation could be objected to. Whatever the reason, Foreman has prepared a script that starts with action and moves smoothly from high point to high point in the Rostand play. As the camera wanders through seventeenth-century Paris or out to the battlefield there is no sense of switching locales simply to supply some fresher visual interest. Foreman has, rather, drawn from the play its full screen potential of duels, battles, and romance and staged those scenes against their appropriate backgrounds, freed from the limitations that the theatre would impose.

BUT "Cyrano" is still essentially the performer's *tour de force*. Written as such for the French actor Coquelin, it was later added to the repertory of Richard Mansfield, and became virtually *the* repertory of Walter Hampden. Now José Ferrer has surrounded the part and made it completely his own. Ferrer's "Cyrano" is virile, a sword-flashing braggart whose poetry is second to his prowess. Throughout, he moves with the agility of a Fairbanks, fighting, leaping, gesticulating with the same fine freedom. But Ferrer also has a voice which he can use magnificently, snarling his insults, roaring his defiance, edging his sarcasms, and breathing the fires of ro-

—*From "Cyrano de Bergerac."*

José Ferrer and Mala Powers—"what Laurence Olivier always wanted to do."

CYRANO DE BERGERAC, screen play by Carl Foreman based on the play by Edmond Rostand, translated by Brian Hooker. Directed by Michael Gordon. Produced by Stanley Kramer. Released through United Artists. With José Ferrer, Mala Powers, William Prince, Morris Carnovsky, Ralph Clanton, Lloyd Corrigan, and others.

†*HARRIET CRAIG, screen play by Anne Froelick and James Gunn, based on the play by George Kelly. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Produced by William Dozier. Released through Columbia Pictures. With Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey, Lucile Watson, Allyn Joslyn, William Bishop, K. T. Stevens, and others.*

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mantic love so softly, so affectingly that Rostand's old fustian becomes momentarily and magically real.

And there is the wonder of this film. The utter skill of its adaptation, the magnetic shadings of Ferrer's performance overcome all disbelief. We can dismiss the play's improbabilities —Christian, the lover who can only see in Cyrano a helper, not a rival; Roxanne, who can believe that the voice which won her belonged to another man; even Cyrano, who prolongs the masquerade and misery through some romantic, half-baked notions of honor. We almost welcome them, because it is these very improbabilities that make possible the luscious poetry of the garden scene and our tears at Roxanne's final awakening to the truth. It is a magic that may fade as soon as we leave the theatre, but what is wrong with that?

"Cyrano de Bergerac" is producer Stanley Kramer's first departure from the problems of modern times. After demonstrating his almost unique combination of film sense and showmanship in "Champion," "Home of the Brave," and "The Men," Kramer's announced decision to film "Cyrano" read like courting disaster. To all doubters he has here demonstrated the true versatility of a craftsman who loves, respects, and, above all, understands his medium. For in "Cyrano de Bergerac" we have what is, to my mind, the first really successful translation of a stage play to the screen.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

Cyrano de Bergerac: Reviewed in this issue.

Mad Wednesday: Harold Lloyd comes back in a film so funny that you will be in danger of hurting yourself with belly laughs.

Paris 1900: Powerful, brilliantly edited compilation of early-century French fiction and newsreel films which illuminates our present through our past. Don't miss it.

All About Eve: Witty, adult satire on the theatre; richly produced, well acted. Should not be missed.

The Glass Menagerie: A deeply moving play transferred literally to the screen, with most of its power intact.

Trio: Masterly telling of three top tales of W. Somerset Maugham.

Difficult Years: A moving study of Italy's "little man" trapped in the coils of Mussolini's Fascist state.

SRL Reader Poll

ARMS FOR FRIENDS OR FOES

IN THE GREAT debate now taking place on the German role in the defense of the West against Soviet expansionism the rearming of Germany is strongly opposed by a clear majority of *SRL* readers who answered a poll on the military future of Germany and Japan.

The *SRL* respondents displayed a skepticism about the reliability as an ally of a remilitarized Germany, inclining toward the position of the French Government in the recent deliberations of Atlantic Pact Defense Ministers on setting up a command structure for a unified European army.

Tabulated answers were as follows to this question:

"In view of the international situation, do you favor reversing our postwar policy of disarming Germany and authorizing a build-up of German military power?"

No	58%
Yes	39%
Don't know	3%

Various *SRL* readers expressed concern over what actual democratic regeneration has taken place in Western Germany. Author and journalist Merle Miller summed this feeling up as follows:

"Although consistency is a highly over-rated virtue, if, in fact it's a virtue at all, I feel in 1950 exactly as I felt in 1945. Having just helped defeat the Germans then, I felt they should not be admitted to the family of nations until they understood what democracy was all about—and began practising it. I see no evidence that either has happened."

Those who supported the rearming of Germany cited the threat of Soviet Russia in justification and, for the most part, stressed the importance of adequate U.N. supervision of any German forces that may come into being.

To a parallel question about building up the military power of Japan *SRL* readers replied:

Do not favor rearming Japan	56%
Favor	38%
Don't know	6%

Although the answers on Japan and Germany approximate each other in their pro and con percentages, many respondents, in fact, who favored strengthening Germany opposed any relaxation of Japanese disarmament and vice versa.

The arguments for and against a resurgence of Japanese military power were similar to those used in the case of Germany.

President Truman reflected the views of *SRL* readers when he told a recent White House press conference that it would be a long, long time before an American Ambassador would go to Madrid.

Of fifteen strategic countries listed, Spain was the only one that a majority of *SRL* readers thought would be a liability instead of an asset in the developing American strategy to halt Soviet aggression.

Their answers broke down as follows to the question:

"Do you feel that we strengthen our world position in general (military, economic, political, and moral) by enlisting the support and participation of the following countries in forming an anti-Soviet front, whether through military alliances, politico-economic loans, economic agreements, or mutual-aid understandings?"

	Yes %	No %	Don't Know %
Argentina	53	40	7
Greece	90	3	7
Iran	93	—	7
Nationalist China	46	37	17
France	97	—	3
Union of South Africa	80	10	10
India	87	3	10
French Indo-China	73	10	17
Great Britain	97	—	3
Yugoslavia	53	37	10
Spain	40	53	7
Portugal	73	10	17
Turkey	87	3	10
Israel	90	3	7
Egypt	77	10	13

On the whole the tabulated results indicate strong *SRL* reader approval for the debated Truman policy of aid to Greece, Iran, Turkey, and Israel. Opinion is rather sharply divided on the desirability of cooperation with Nationalist China, Yugoslavia, Argentina, and Spain.

Newspaper columnist and historian Max Lerner, commenting on American alliances of any sort with Spain, Argentina, or Nationalist China, wrote on his questionnaire:

"I don't think we should expect angelic standards of democracy, but we must avoid what would be a stench in the nostrils to the decisive Third Force (anti-Communist, anti-Fascist) marginal peoples all over the world who will swing the balance of the struggle, whether in peace or war." —WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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TV and Radio

IF IT'S ART, IT'S COMMERCIAL

LIFE with the advertising commercial is going to be easier on television. The face of the sponsor's "plug" may be no more pleasing than the voice, but it is certainly more diverting.

War between sensitive listeners and program sponsors is by no means over. Seeing as well as hearing, we are still to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous repetition, the heavy artillery of fantastic claims, the bazooka blows of story interruption, and the small-arms fire of poor taste. There is no relief in sight from the sins of advertising. But the enemy, on TV, has a far more diversified battle plan than he had on AM. Looking him straight in the eye will be less dull than struggling blindly with the ear alone.

Watching the commercials on television is like going to the movies. You see full-length feature productions, dramas, musicals, documentaries, travelogues, cartoons, even personal appeals. It used to be "the play's the thing" in broadcasting. Now it's definitely the "pitch." Time was when hucksters were reluctant to get into show business on the air. All that is done with. The boys along Ad-men's Alley have not only gone near the water— they're deep-sea diving. And they love it.

Take the champ of all present commercials—the smash-click-hit musical extravaganza presented by Lucky Strike, which presents Robert Montgomery, who presents Hollywood on TV as Cecil B. DeMille once presented it on radio for Lux. Mr. Montgomery is a man of wide interests and many capabilities. He is a veteran showman. He pays good money for top stars and successful stories. He has a large company of producers, directors, floor managers, cameramen, set-designers, property men, electricians, musicians, and costumers—as skilful a unit as any show crew on television. Behind him is an advertising agency, a package producer, a network, and one of the world's highest-billing sponsors.

No expense is spared in giving the Lucky Strike Theatre the best productions that this small army of brains and talent can manage. And yet even Academy Award winners turn out to be hardly more than stage-waits for the bouncing, bubbling, gay, delightful, sparkling routines of the "Be Happy Go Lucky" troupe of singers, clowns, announcers, and dancers. The music is catchy, the girls are pretty, the "sell" is all in tempo. Life is a melody—the world is A-1. Sort of like having a tenth-row center seat at "Call Me Madam" or "South Pacific." How can you concentrate on plain, ordinary plot when coming up next are the elixir of joy and the essence of good fortune?

Then there are the cartoon commercials. I like a popular brew's flying-trapeze artist ("I'm from Milwaukee and I ought to know—tum de de tum!") and the little Ajax cleansers who go gleefully down the kitchen-sink drain. Such lilt, such lift, such freedom over the tiresome laws of death, gravity, and the second law of thermodynamics!

The catalogue of television commercials also includes the sponsor's documentary-type message. You see the anatomy of an assembly line gestating beer or automobiles. The big vats brew, and the members of the United Automobile Workers, CIO, shrewdly eye the gleaming pistons. Out come the stately bottles and the shining vehicles, to the dramatic strains of "Norma" or "L'Amico Fritz."

It's all very restrained, dignified, educational—but dull. It does give you a chance, however, to look around your living room and recognize that lady sitting at the other end of the sofa and to notice that the walls need painting and the rug a shampoo.

Commercials that are dramas. Haven't you seen the bony lad in undershirt, his hair like an electrically-charged porcupine, looking dismally into the mirror? A friendly voice, off-screen, solicitously needles him about being a white-shoulder offender. Along comes pal with the good word. On goes the hair tonic. Denouement—the men in the collar ads never looked handsomer. Or the youngster who hasn't enough energy to do his homework—and suddenly—snap, crackle, pop—he's a PhD! These—and their like—are razor-sharp life-slices, capsule conflicts, set forth, elaborated, and finally resolved with all the resourcefulness of a master mechanic.

". . . like going to the movies."

WE mustn't forget the travelogues, such as the visit to the neighborhood store, where a blonde warmly demonstrates a deep-freeze. Restrictions on instalment buying may currently rise high beyond your blue horizon, but that blonde, whose only interest is you, is still decontrolled. The three-minute look is net profit—tax-free.

Last—there are the personal appeals: the short-subjects in which (Hollywood version) the star, in a simple frock, sits on the edge of a desk and makes a straight-from-the-heart appeal for some worthy charity. Stars on television do it just as well—for their product. Consider Gertrude Berg's pitch for her sponsor's sleep-filled coffee . . . *after* the show. It seems to be sincere; it has conviction and simplicity. And it has the added enchantment of distance. I don't know anyone who minds the collections taken up in theatres after a star's appeal, but isn't it nice to admire Molly Goldberg without having to shell out on the spot for a can of her sponsor's coffee?

One could go on. There is abundance in the variety of the television commercial. Many of the big comedians work the plugs into their acts: like Arthur Godfrey brewing his tea or Jack Benny showing Mr. Kitzel to a cigarette-vending machine in his living room. But that's old stuff. Radio did it.

The cry has aways gone up from bitter listener lips: "Don't stop the show. Weave the commercials into the act!" I maintain the opposite. Leave the commercials alone. Let the jesters and the thespians and the important people strut their little hours on television's stage. But let them keep hands off the commercials, except when they can do it like Molly Goldberg or Dave Garroway. The plug is where the creative imagination, the artistry, the skill, and the cunning of the new craft have free play. I propose that a new art be added to the seven ancient ones—the art of the television commercial. For my money it's almost the best art the new medium has thus far demonstrated.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Channel & Dial

TV

SUNDAY

Who Said That? NBC 12:30 PM: Quotes in the news pinned on the quoted by experts.

Mrs. Roosevelt Meets the Public NBC 3:30 PM: The gracious note in discussion programs.

Meet the Press NBC 4:00 PM: Knowing newsmen needle important people.

Super Circus ABC 5:00 PM: For the kiddies. Fast-moving circus acts.

Watch the World NBC 5:30 PM: NBC's major educational effort in TV.

Mr. I. Magination CBS 6:30 PM: Heroes of fiction and history as child actors play them. Different. Delightful.

Leave It to the Girls NBC 7:00 PM: Open-fanged entertainment that hits straight from the neckline.

Showtime—USA ABC 7:30 PM: An American National Theatre & Academy venture. Top talent.

This Is Show Business CBS 7:30 PM: Contrived dilemmas of entertainers. George Kaufman, Clifton Fadiman, and Abe Burrows contrive the solutions.

Toast of the Town CBS 8:00 PM: A variety show balanced on a syndicated column—Ed Sullivan's.

Comedy Hour NBC 8:00 PM: Top comics Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, etc., take turns, once a month, wrestling the new medium.

Philco Playhouse NBC 9:00 PM: Veteran, top-drawer, full-hour drama.

Fred Waring Show CBS 9:00 PM: Most musicianly of the top pop-tune shows.

Garroway at Large NBC 10:00 PM: Clever youngsters in an informal variety show. Fresh, unique.

Say It With Acting NBC 11:15 PM: Charades with a professional touch.

MONDAY

Howdy Doody NBC 5:30 PM (through Friday): Most popular of puppets for moppets.

Kukla, Fran, and Ollie NBC 7:00 PM (through Friday): The kid show with the biggest grown-up audience.

Metropolitan Opera ABC 7:45 PM: See how Rudolf Bing's new broom has swept clean.

Lux Video Theatre CBS 8:00 PM: New, independent show but same idea as its twin—the Lux Radio Theatre.

Paul Winchell-Jerry Mahoney NBC 8:00 PM: Ventriloquist and bright dummy. Fast-moving variety.

Godfrey's Talent Scouts CBS 8:30 PM: Mr. Paley's Huckleberry Finn with the golden touch.

On Trial ABC 9:30 PM: Courtroom setting for current issues.

The Goldbergs CBS 9:30 PM: Minor domestic crises. Sensitive writing and artistry of Gertrude Berg.

Robert Montgomery Presents NBC 9:30 PM: The Be Happy-Go Lucky (Strike) troupe steals the show. A good example of how elaborate commercials overwhelm everything.

Studio One CBS 10:00 PM: The first experimental TV-dramatic show. Not so experimental these days.

TUESDAY

Texaco Star Theatre NBC 8:00 PM: The infectious, irrepressible Mr. Berle.

Family Playhouse CBS 8:00 PM: Newest full-hour, big-budget dramatic show. Alternates weekly with *Sure As Fate:* Hour-long mystery.

John Hopkins Science Review Dumont PM: Dr. Roy K. Marshall popularizing science. Excellent.

Billy Rose's Playbill ABC 9:00 PM: Two pillars of Broadway show business more than slightly at sea in their first TV effort.

Can You Top This? ABC 9:30 PM: Straight jokes by veteran jokesters.

WEDNESDAY

Four Star Revue NBC 8:00 PM: More revolving clowns—Ed Wynn, Danny Thomas, Jimmy Durante, and Jack Carson alternate.

Kraft Television Theatre NBC 9:00 PM: Better kraftsmanship in drama.

Teller of Tales CBS 9:00 PM: Adaptations of Maugham stories. No "Quartet" or "Trio."

THURSDAY

George Burns and Gracie Allen CBS 8:00 PM: Radio's patient Adam and invincible Eve delightful on TV.

You Bet Your Life NBC 8:00 PM: Video version of Groucho Marx radio show. Funny—proving it's the comedian, not the medium.

Alan Young Show CBS 9:00 PM: One of the promising younger comics.

Nash Airflyte Theatre CBS 10:30 PM: Drama with William Gaxton as hospitable host.

FRIDAY

Mama CBS 8:00 PM: Peggy Wood—good to the last drop of sentiment.

Man Against Crime CBS 8:30 PM: Ralph Bellamy—a private eye competently beaten to a pulp.

We the People NBC 8:30 PM: Human-interest vaudeville.

Ford Theatre Hour CBS 9:00 PM: One of the superior drama programs.

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse ABC 9:00 PM: Competent dramatizations of the prize-winning literary properties.

Stud's Place ABC 10:30 PM: A Chicago Duffy's Tavern. In the experimental tradition but not quite up to Windy City par.

SATURDAY

Ken Murray Show CBS 8:00 PM: Generally amusing acts behind ubiquitous beer suds.

Show of Shows NBC 9:00 PM: Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, two very funny people.

The Frank Sinatra Show CBS 9:00 PM: The likable kid from New Jersey finding his place in television's sun.

Your Hit Parade NBC 10:30 PM: If you're interested in keeping up with the top ten tunes.

Radio

SUNDAY

Invitation to Learning CBS 11:35 AM: Refresher course in the classics.

The Eternal Light NBC 12:30 PM: Dramatic experiences of an ancient people. Well written, often moving.

NBC Theatre NBC 3:00 PM: Effective dramatizations of great novels.

Author Meets the Critics ABC 5:00 PM: New books cozily discussed.

The Greatest Story Ever Told ABC 5:30 PM: Dramatic improvizations on New Testament themes.

The Big Show NBC 6:00 PM: Radio's TV counterattack led by Tallulah Bankhead.

Jack Benny CBS 7:00 PM: The case of the fossilized format. Familiar echoes of yesterday's laughter.

Amos 'N' Andy CBS 7:30 PM: Age cannot wither—nor custom stale.

Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy CBS 8:00 PM: Still good. Knock on wood.

Theatre Guild on the Air NBC 8:30 PM: The old Washington Square Players tempered by United States Steel.

The Red Skelton Show NBC 8:30 PM: Mr. Baby Snooks. Can be hard on your ribs.

Information Please CBS 10:00 PM: Again stumping along with the experts.

MONDAY

Dave Garroway NBC 1:15 PM (through Friday): Good entertainment, good taste.

Here's Morgan NBC 6:30 PM (through Friday): A serio-comic maverick hiding behind a shrewd low-brow mask.

Godfrey's Talent Scouts CBS 8:30 PM: Simulcast of TV show.

The Firestone Hour NBC 8:30 PM: Good music, white tie and tails.

The Telephone Hour NBC 9:00 PM: Rings the bell for music lovers.

Lux Radio Theatre CBS 9:00 PM: The original and still the slickest.

United or Not ABC 10:00 PM: United Nations correspondents huddling with U. N. delegates and getting guarded replies.

NBC Symphony NBC 10:00 PM: Catch it as often as you can. There's no telling how long it will last.

TUESDAY

Baby Snooks Show with Fanny Brice NBC 8:00 PM: Glorifying the American brat.

Cavalcade of America NBC 8:00 PM: History as she is sponsored.

Bob Hope Show NBC 9:00 PM: The gag grows heavy around the middle.

America's Town Meeting of the Air ABC 9:00 PM: Where the minds never meet; some light, much heat.

Fibber McGee and Molly NBC 9:30 PM: Fun at Wistful Vista.

Capitol Cloak Room CBS 10:30 PM: Washington politicos cornered by CBS newsmen.

WEDNESDAY

The Halls of Ivy NBC 8:00 PM: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. No resemblance to real campus life but urbane, pleasant, and constructive.

You Bet Your Life NBC 9:00 PM: Groucho Marx as a quizmaster. Consistently the funniest man on the air.

The Bing Crosby Show CBS 9:30 PM: A golden voice in a wilderness of synthetic chatter.

The Big Story NBC 10:00 PM: Dramatizations of actual newspaper scoops. A crime show with a good "gimmick."

THURSDAY

The Aldrich Family NBC 8:00 PM: Middletown, USA, as the sociological Lynds never found it.

Screen Guild Players ABC 8:00 PM: Good Hollywood for a good cause.

Suspense CBS 9:00 PM: One of the more artful crime shows.

FRIDAY

Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet ABC 9:00 PM: A real family engagingly playing a real family.

SATURDAY

University of Chicago Round Table 1:30 PM: Tough oak for strong teeth. Serious, learned, and bold.

First Piano Quartet NBC 6:30 PM: Four pianists. Top works. A treat.

Hopalong Cassidy CBS 8:30 PM: That's all, podner.

(All times in these listings are Eastern Standard. Please check your newspaper for local times and stations.)

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Music to My Ears

BING BRINGS THE MET BACK TO BROADWAY

THEATREWISE the season's opening performance of Verdi's "Don Carlo" at the Metropolitan was the most cohesive, well-organized performance of anything that venerable old vault has held in twenty years or more; for which the theatrewise Rudolf Bing, undertaking his first venture in his first season as general manager, is entitled to a rising vote of thanks. To be sure, it was Rolf Gerard who created the handsome production, and Margaret Webster who gave it dramatic life; Fritz Stiedry who directed it with affection and warmth; a dozen or so performers who faced the usual glittering opening-night audience and, nevertheless, sang from their hearts as well as their throats. But it was Bing's conception they executed, and it was his standard that made the evening different from some score of other openings in the recent past.

What intuition or conviction led Bing to Margaret Webster, I do not at this moment know; but in transferring her insight, intelligence, and high conscientiousness to the problem of making a fairly static musical play alertly interesting from first to last she has performed a public service of no mean order. For once one saw a pattern of movement which not only fulfilled the musical requirements of a given scene but went beyond them to realize a dramatic truth implicit in the writing of Verdi which the composer doubtless despaired of accomplishing, and thus did not even indicate. The air sawings of bassos and tenors which have sufficed from time immemorial were tempered, inflected, correlated to something like human action that, as a rarity, made an opera attractive to the eye as well as the ear.

Complementing the Websterian patterns in space were the Gerard patterns in color, which made the Metropolitan stage more luminous and responsive to lighting than it has been within reasonable memory. Such big scenes as the garden episode that concludes Act I or the cathedral square at the end of Act II had a firmness of contour, a balanced relationship of principals to subordinates which affirmed anew that taste—the sense of an intangible something in contact with an educated palate (for brushwork, the term should doubtless be palette)—has no substitute, whether in the theatre or elsewhere.

Having contrived a visual framework of quality, Bing put at the disposal of its music director, Fritz Stiedry, a complement of singers suitable to Verdi's requirements, if not the absolute best the worldwide market provides. However, it would have been almost more than bearable had the fine Italian basso Cesare Siepi, who sang King Philip, been excelled by the unavailable Boris Christoff, or the towering figure of Jerome Hines, as the Grand Inquisitor, been ranked by the Hungary-detained Mikhaily Szekely. If Siepi and Hines are the Bing standard of "standby" artists, we will bear with them in patience.

Siepi's splendid voice and poised bearing were a pleasure to experience; he is certainly the "young Pinza" he has been heralded. Of the other newcomers, Fedora Barbieri, the Eboli, has a flaming temperament and a decidedly interesting vocal instrument; Delia Rigal, the Elisabetta, a refinement of style and an appropriately regal bearing to match a voice of fine potentialities if some present uncertainty. She has, however, learned to phrase a melodic line in the grand manner, and for that much can be forgiven her.

In choosing "Don Carlo" as the introductory work of his incumbency Bing was pointing no prefixed rifle at a sitting duck; rather he was attempting the much more difficult task of drawing a sharp bead on an elusive target. "Don Carlo" is a work of many facets, most of them dull; among the five principal characters—Carlo, Roderigo, Philip, and the two women—not one is at ease with the world or, as the contemporary word has it, "adjusted." What ensues is a pattern of tensions grim and unrelieved, save by an interpolation for Eboli, which is as foreign to the rest of the work as it is contrived. However, the size of the problem even magnified the results that were accomplished. All the principals, as well as the subordinate performers, gave a degree of honest, selfless service to conductor Stiedry and stage-director Webster which made a moving spectacle of a vehicle that could only too easily have been pedestrian.

—*Sedge Leblung.*

Delia Rigal — "a public service of no mean order."

Together, however, they realized a kind of musical theatre which seemed beyond the reach of the Metropolitan in its present surroundings. An instance of Webster's thoroughness was provided by one incident that caught my eye. In the dress rehearsal on Saturday, during the duet of Carlo and Elisabetta, Bjoerling, as Carlo, stumbled backward in a kind of trance to collapse at the midstage fountain, as the score directs; by performance time he had been redirected to move with much more assurance to a nearer bench, and there recline. That kind of search for dramatic truth should make Miss Webster indispensable on the local scene until a wholesale rearrangement of the Met problem provides mechanical resources outmoding mere ingenuity.

* * *

It is no secret that the television director Burke Crotty looked darkly on the prospect of "Don Carlo" as his assignment for the 1950 season. It begins and ends with a dark stage, and there are two other scenes between that are dimly lit. Nevertheless, the camera work was of a high order (in the later portions of the telecast I saw), with a fine sense both of panorama and detail. Roderigo's death, as enacted by the vastly improved Robert Merrill, was beautifully conveyed by the camera, even if one had to imagine on his shoulder the red cloak one had seen in the theatre a moment before. Musically, too, the atmosphere of the performance was impressively conveyed, with the enhancement of voices that a near-by microphone always provides. Come color TV, the Met should find itself one of the most prized properties in the whole entertainment field. Then such productions as this "Don Carlo" should be the rule rather than the exception.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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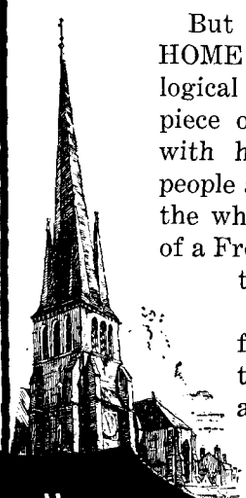

But THE LONG WAY HOME is no mere psychological case history. It is a piece of France. It is filled with humor and color. Its people are real and lovable—the whole motley population of a French city, from bishop to chimney sweep.

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QUOTES FROM SOME REVIEWS

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—Nashville *Banner*

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Department JB-87

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 30*)

colorful background of fiestas, cock fights, treasure hunts, cattle-raising, and wine-making. Her unquenchable thirst for love and for wealth involves her in a rapid-fire series of adventures. That such a tempestuous heroine should wind up in the arms of her quiet, long-suffering cousin Eduardo seems a pity.

Mrs. Hood must have done a lot of research into New Mexican lore, for the scene she sets comes to vivid life. She might have achieved an entertaining novel had she not made so many demands on the reader's credulity. —RAY PIERRE.

HOUSE ON THE SANDS, by John L. Bonn. Doubleday. $3. John L. Bonn has here attempted the construction of a biographical novel from difficult, if not intractable, materials. The career of Francis MacNutt, onetime diplomatic representative of the United States Government, later an emissary of the Pope, and an intimate of Emperor Franz Josef, is at first glance an exciting opportunity. Brought up by Protestant grandparents, MacNutt early evidenced an interest in the Catholic religion, later became a convert to it. Cushioned by a comfortable income that for most people would be regarded as great wealth, he traveled through the capitals of Europe, Asia, and this continent, was courted by the most decadent as well as by the most devout elements of high society, and, according to the author's story, was in on most of the high political intrigues involving the Catholic Church between the turn of the century and the coming of Fascism to Italy. He was also instrumental in negotiating the concordat which established the independent Vatican State.

All of this is obvious material for a picaresque novel about a man who was involved in almost as much history as Lanny Budd. The difficulty is that, despite valiant work on the author's part, the MacNutt pictured emerges persistently as a most unattractive personality—a dilettante, a snob, and completely lacking in the Christian virtues the author is anxious to convince us he had. There are also numerous *lacunae* and contradictions in his history, which the author explains in a manner neither interesting nor persuasive. However, there is a very forthright handling of political operations within the hierarchy of the Catholic Church that almost rescues the book from the pall of dulness with which the principal character invests it. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

THE LEGACY OF GABRIEL MARTEL, by Marie L. Nowinson. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. Gabriel Martel was a lawyer, a Catholic, and the father of four children. Most of his life was spent in Lakeside, a small Midwestern city, which grew as his children did into young adulthood until the Depression immobilized its growth and crippled his rather shaky law practice. He did not live to see the changes wrought by the new Roosevelt Administration. Martel's life story is a record of cases won and lost in the law courts, where he fought always on the side of the underdog. His religious faith enabled him to meet the shock of his wife's death and face the ever-widening breach in his relationship with his children. On his deathbed Martel realizes that: "All his life long he'd been occupied with the unimportant at the expense of the real, with incidental things like material success and recognition—when all that mattered was doing God's will."

Because this is a first novel interested readers will have to make allowances for its dryness and naivete. Mrs. Nowinson spent five years completing this story, which won her the $10,000 Christopher Award for Fiction. Since the award is made only to a book embodying Christian principles, it is certain the contest judges were convinced of Gabriel Martel's spiritual message; but its truth, value,

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 387

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 387 will be found in the next issue.

PI SPY CIBTIC FPI

AMONGE PRFP OMF R

CEMBTL KRCFIB.

.....P. D. OYPH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 386

You may love your neighbor and yet not hold his stirrup.
T. FULLER, *Gnomologia*

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and meaning will have to be determined by the individual reader.

—J. M. G.

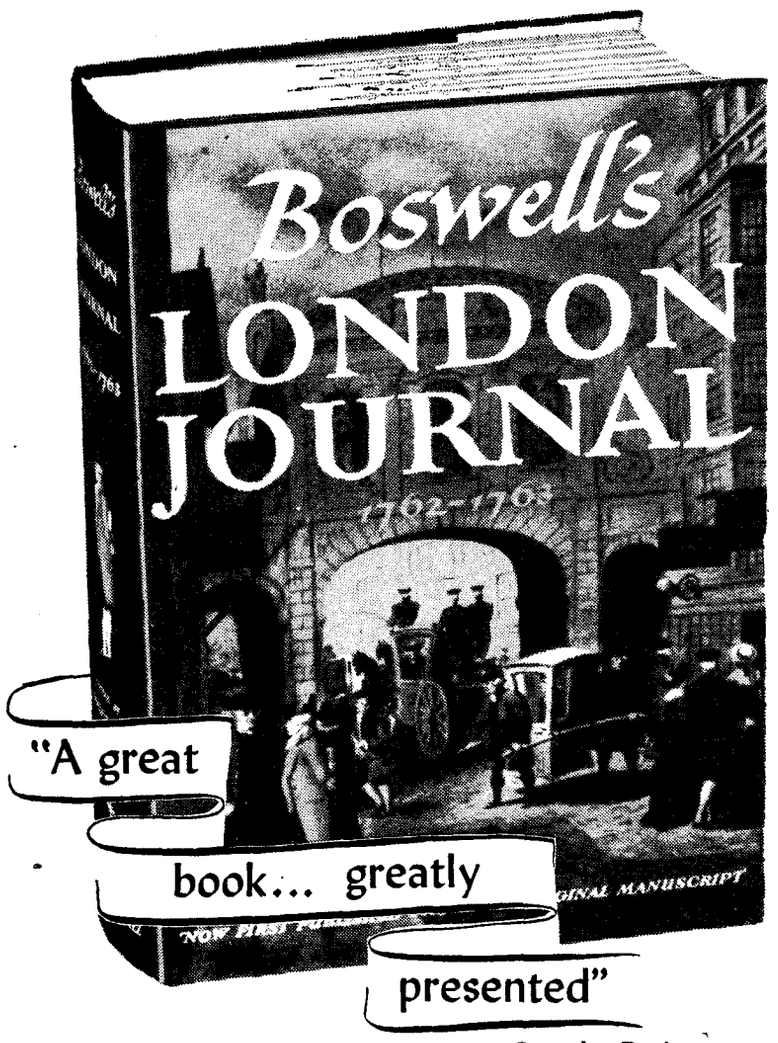
THE CAGED BIRDS, by LeRoy Leatherman. Harcourt, Brace. $3. Here is still another journey among those troubled, defeated beings who, our younger authors would apparently have us believe, are the sole inhabitants of our Southern states. Mr. Leatherman's tale is concerned with the eighth summer in the life of Jim Diagre, a sensitive and introverted little boy troubled by his growing apprehension of the emotional strife among his elders and beset by the struggle of these lost ones for his soul.

Mr. Leatherman has constructed his story of loveless loneliness with elaborate counterpoint, telling it now through the consciousness of Jim, now through that of his mother, now through the reveries of an ancient eccentric who lives next door. And he has skilfully evoked an atmosphere that is at once somber and slightly ominous. But he has not quite managed to make his work come alive. Partly this is because his characters are permitted only a limited range of actions and feelings, severely tailored to the author's story purposes, and partly it is because his style, while fluent and gracefully allusive, too frequently appears mannered and contrived. This air of contrivance extends to the book as a whole and reduces it to the level of an effective but emotionally unengaging performance.

—E. J. F.

THE TORMENTED, by Theodore Pratt. Gold Medal Books, New York. 25¢. This story (an original publication despite its paper binding and modest price) is about a girl named Zona, who happened to be what in psychiatric nomenclature is clumsily called a nymphomaniac. Dr. Richard H. Hoffmann, New York psychiatrist, has written an introductory paragraph. Further conversation with Dr. Hoffmann elicits the confirming information that he has found the portrait clinically accurate and emotionally convincing. He believes it is wrong for psychiatrists to blame any such disease on environment. There could be, of course, an ascetic setting in which no spark would ever exist to set off the fire, but in our modern world that is scarcely conceivable. Therefore it is up to medicine and society to know what to do when the fire begins, or, ideally, to prevent it.

The initial spark for Zona Dodd was the game that nearly everyone of my own generation played at children's parties—postoffice. That first kiss in a dark closet sent bewildering ecstasy through her fifteen-year-old



—*Saturday Review*

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—KELSEY GUILFOIL, *Chicago Tribune*

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body; it expanded into a pattern for a career that finally ends in murder.

Zona's tragedy is very real: society did not bother to hint to this girl that there might be something wrong with her that could be ameliorated. Society had a chance, too. There are memorable episodes in New York City's woman's prison and later in a state prison, amply suggesting that the criminal was not Zona but the society which did not trouble to use whatever means it had to understand her and help her understand herself.

It is a gripping novel and an honest one. Mr. Pratt has not quite the writing authority to make it a great one, for he falls now and then into the pitfall of contrived event and character.

Zona's story is one pitiful example of the multitudinous human tangles produced by our limited knowledge and our refusal to see that Sex is not just one big happy family where everyone resembles everyone else.

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

RODENTS

Margaret Bishop, of Norwalk, O., has been doing some literary ratiocination about rodents. She asks you to name the story and author of the works briefly quoted below. Allowing four and one-half points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 42.

1. An army which made a successful attack upon a well-guarded castle?

> They grawed the flesh from every limb
> For they were sent to do justice on him.

2. One termed a coward?

> Wee sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
> O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

3. One noted for its unusual behavior on a wintry evening?

> 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
> Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

4. A pair which encountered difficulty with some artificial food?

> There was no end to the rage and disappointment of Tom Thumb and Hunca Hunca. They broke up the pudding, the lobsters, the pears, and the oranges. As the fish would not come off the plate, they put it in the fire. But it would not burn, either.

5. A devotee of boats and boating?

> "It's the only thing," said the Water Rat solemnly. "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."

6. One condemned to death by a cunning judge?

> Fury said to a mouse that he met in the house, "Let us both go to law: I will prosecute you. . . . I'll be judge, I'll be jury," said cunning ole Fury. "I'll try the whole cause and condemn you to death!"

7. Some various colored denizens of a medieval village?

> "Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats."

8. Some who walk on broken glass in a dry basement?

> . . . quiet and meaningless
> As wind in dry grass
> Or rats' feet over broken glass
> In our dry cellar.

9. One born into a family of otherwise normal New Yorkers?

> When Mrs. Frederick C. Little's second son was born, everybody noticed that he was not much bigger than a mouse. The truth of the matter was, the baby looked very much like a mouse in every way. . . . The doctor was delighted with Stuart and said that it was very unusual for an American family to have a mouse.

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and beautifully expressed in the title poem.

While, as I suggested, Mr. Davidson's dominant theme is pitched to a minor key, gentle rather than rebellious, he is able to strike sudden harsh notes of indignation and irony. Two "Parables for Cynics" impale, with a somewhat Blakesian thrust, those who exploit, materially or spiritually, their fellow men. Several other poems in the collection are deft and pointed in their satire, though occasionally they strain a bit at being wryly paradoxical.

Spiritual Progress

TRAJECTORY AND OTHER POEMS. By Granville Paul Smith. Columbia: University of South Carolina Press. 71 pp. $2.50.

By A. M. Sullivan

"TRAJECTORY" is the posthumous collection of a poet and educator who died in 1947 and who comes to deserved, if belated, publication through the loyalty of his friends and former students, among them Katherine D. M. Simons, who writes the brief introduction to the volume. Paul Smith, as he was known to his friends around Charleston, S. C., was too busy teaching to get around to a selfish personal chore of putting his own poems between covers. Many of the poems have the charm of personal and casual reporting. He employed no thumbscrew discipline that is often associated with modern poetry. Smith was emotionally concerned with the moral and spiritual progress of man, and in the "Souls of Men" he says:

Often I have heard them call,
Fumbling at the locks and crying for the sun.
But that is not all!
Often I have heard their frenzied flight
Back into the night,
Their courage broken and their wills undone
By the imminence of light.

Technically Paul Smith's sonnets are his best work. In them the poet in duress cracks the whip and the craftsmanship and idea work harmoniously. The "Jungle" is a dramatic Shakespearean sonnet of the minds of men and women who live in self-conceived terror. It ends:

One moment safe from those that snarl and whine,

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author of

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With a foreword by ELIZABETH BOWEN

This book, which won for its author the 1950 Somerset Maugham Award, marks the debut of a new writer who is a born short-story teller. Nigel Kneale, in addition to a subtle sense of character and observation, is not afraid to write stories with plots. In this sense he is in the great tradition of English story-telling. But he is also a master at the creation of atmospheric bits of sheer horror, whimsy, irony, tragedy, and the macabre. His stories are at all times both readable and remarkable, for his vision is completely his own.

$3.00 *at all bookstores*

ALFRED · A · KNOPF, *Publisher*

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Tell me your thoughts; I dare not tell
you mine.

"Trajectory" and "Escape" are freely rhymed, philosophic poems in which man is the victim of his own devices. The poems suffer a little from a loose rhetorical structure, but the metaphysical strength of the ideas accumulate as the poet converses with us. "Escape" is the sturdier of the two, with its direct and simple diction, but we choose to conclude from "Trajectory" with this observation:

. . . you can't mill the curvature of
time
As you would mill the edges of a
dime.

Poetry Notes

A MOUNTAIN TOWNSHIP, by Walter Hard. Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt. $2.75. In considering this volume of prose-poem sketches of New Englanders there is no need to consult the rule book. You accept Walter Hard on his own terms and

—From "A Mountain Township."

enjoy the poetry and drama that come interlinear, or you ignore him as a poet and he ignores you as an appraiser of his poetic qualities. It is difficult at first to find much rhythm in Hard's sketches of unusual people with usual problems. But after putting the book down you hear echoes of the folk speech of neighbors, and the faint cadence invites the poetry in its quiet and insistent understatement.

I confess that Walter Hard's language sounds like conversational prose every time I pick the book up, but I feel that I have listened to a poet, an old-fashioned bard, when I put the book down. Rich in his material, Hard lets his story tell itself. I have a suspicion that he could turn the stories into more powerful, dramatic narratives and ballads if he had a notion to do so, and American poetry might profit by it. But we cannot coax Mr. Hard to abandon a method that has already won for him a substantial, if regional, audience.

Practically every poem is a plot for a short story or novel, with more detail of events that we find in the autobiographical statements of "Spoon River." Hard doesn't approach Masters in the sharpness of line, depth of characterization, or power of emotional impact, but there are compensating virtues of sympathy and understanding. The introduction is written by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and the line illustrations, which catch the spirit of the poems, are by Edward Sanborn.

SEA OF SAN JUAN, by Pedro Salinas. Translated by Eleanor L. Turnbull. Bruce Humphries, Boston. $2.75. Largely through the translations of Eleanor Turnbull, the poetry of Pedro Salinas has received deserved attention in America. As in her translations of Salinas's earlier poetry, the poems are presented in facing pages of Spanish and English, which is the only reasonable manner of presenting a contemporary poet to a discerning reader who may have some familiarity with the foreign tongue. The book consists of a theme poem and fourteen variations.

The group is called "a contemplation" but invites the lighter and more musical title of "reverie." The poems are the pleasurable idling of the poet's imagination to stringed music, but the strings are muted and the ideas diffuse. In this category of poetic enterprise we think of Santayana, of Rilke, and of Merton, and the philosophic level of Salinas falls a little below them. The merit of Salinas is in his ability to lull the mind and appease the senses with his mesmeric touch. For this reason Salinas is difficult to quote because his effects are accumulative. There are few startling figures or dramatic passages. The liveliest of the fourteen variations is "Civitas Dei," which contains excellent criticism of our day and manners. It evokes such pictures as

Floating on the water, made and un-
made
by lights that come and go,

the castles the darkness crumbles to
naught
the dawn erects again.

In "Civitas Dei" the translator has difficulty with "de espumas fronterizas," which becomes "by frontiers of frail foam," a difficult mouthful. Miss Turnbull's transfer of words and ideas are, however, consistently precise and poetic.

If the light and shadow in Salinas's poetry were occasionally shifted and out of balance; if there were a greater rise and fall in the tide of his emotions, the reverie might suffer but the stature of Salinas would gain in the excitement that belongs to great poetry.

THE WHITE UNICORN, by Natalie Flohr. Exposition Press. $2. Natalie Flohr is a Midwestern poet whose poems are marked by verbal music and technical grace. Her primary interests are love and nature, and it is in the descriptive poems of the natural order that her best lines are encountered. Most of the poems are in traditional rhyme and meter, but "Long Journey" offers an interesting adventure in free verse, and defensible sentiment:

You do not know this road
Unwinding, mile on ribbon mile,
Through mesquite and cactus
And moss-hung trees;

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Bishop Hatto," by Robert Southey. 2. "To a Mouse," by Robert Burns. 3. "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement Moore. 4. "The Tale of Two Bad Mice," by Beatrix Potter. 5. "The Wind in the Willows," by Kenneth Grahame. 6. "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll. 7. "The Pied Piper," by Robert Browning. 8. "The Hollow Men," by T. S. Eliot. 9. "Stuart Little," by E. B. White.

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The AMERICAN JEW

FARRAR, STRAUS

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But the same white moon that lights
my way
Makes a path for you over shining
water.

Miss Flohr's sonnets are often well wrought, despite the blemish of a cliché word or stencil phrase. In her sonnet "Sleep" we are "Bedded in shadows under alien trees"—a good line impeded by the worn epithet "alien." Miss Flohr's major talent is her singing voice, which finds strength in her affirmative attitude.

THE ROOT AND THE LEAF, by Margaret Cobb. American Weave Press, Cleveland. 50¢. This superb little group of lyrics is rewarded by a tentative survival in an artistic brochure, which is Number Five of the Durham Chapbook series. Margaret Cobb has the obvious as well as the hidden badge of a true lyric poet—obvious in the tension of line and unity of theme—hidden in those elusive characteristics that are individual to the talented poet, especially the color of words and the inflection of sound. "The Spider" illustrates the poet's verbal economy:

He is an agate drop of sin
In the web's white eye,
Whose thin and silken symmetry
Lures the May-fly in;

His little mind exudes a plan
Of mayhem and distress
And lays a net more marvelous
Than man or woman can:

While he in deepening darkness wove
His stealthy net of sin,
Within four walls we faltered in
The deadly one of love.

BOW DOWN IN JERICHO, by Byron Herbert Reece. Dutton. $2.75. The outstanding virtue of Byron Herbert Reece as a poet is the native quality of his singing. It is shown in the eerie overtones of his ballads, the melancholy music of his lyrics, and the arresting newness of his images. His gift is natural, but his faults as a poet seem to be acquired, and several of the otherwise excellent ballads are blemished when he affects the manner of the local mountain bards or the Scots border minstrels. The ballads written out of the Old Testament incidents are consistently effective, and, while the Bible is an overworked source, Reece has given to the stories all of the verve of the prophet and evangelist, and brings to mind the earlier works of Willard Wattles, who sang his Bible songs with a highly accented rhythm. Reece is completely original, however, as illustrated by "John: A New Testament Ballad," which has a vitality in diction, form, and rhythm that is never imitative of anyone except an inspired preacher.

In the more or less sophisticated forms of verse, especially in the lyrical quatrains, Reece reveals an ease of statement that hides a firm discipline of line. There is always an arresting idea or image in the obvious poem of nature, as in "The Ghostly Grain":

The things I knew when I was young
Stay ever in my mind,
The tenor of the thrush's song,
The rough palm of the wind

Ruffling my hair the wrong way up
As elders used to do,
And in the morning-glory's cup
The sky drowned in the dew.

Reece indulges in occasional clichés and some sentimental nature worship, which is below his general level.

Reece presents a collection of sonnets, which are inferior to his other lyrics. His talent is cramped in the technique of the sonnet, and his statements are often self-conscious and pragmatic. He is at his best as the uninhibited prophet, and the ballad is his medium. —A. M. S.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Kid Stuff

WHENEVER the subject of children's entertainment comes up it inevitably turns into a heated discussion about television. For the sake of avoiding argument, and saving space, we can begin here with the conclusion that children's TV and radio programs, with their violent action, monotone excitement, and habit-forming nonsense, have set a new high in entertainment which deadens the spirit and the intellect. And we may as well add that very few adults can put up a good fight against these household opiates, which keep their youngsters quietly hypnotized for hours at a time. The children who have been "boarded out" in this way, to sponsors and entertainers, whose motives are easily recognized as ulterior, can hardly be expected to develop a vivacious interest in creative entertainment. Thus the circle is made, and everyone is sitting in it. Let us hope that there is a way out.

It would be fine to be able to say that the answer to these entertainment problems can all be found in 16mm. programs. The truth is that there are some wonderful films for children on 16mm. film, but there are also some awfully poor ones. However, the pattern in 16mm. production has not yet been set, and there is still room for optimism.

The occasions and places for children's recreational film programs are almost limitless. Schools and churches, Y's and scout groups, libraries and museums are all likely to own and use 16mm. projectors for a part of their regular work. Why not use them also for unqualified fun? Recently I visited a program at the public library in Westport, Connecticut, and I could hardly have been more favorably impressed. One hundred and twenty children sat in motionless outline in the dark, while on a large screen in front of them an Indian legend was being re-enacted telling the story of how the loon got its necklace.

Film programs like this one are given every second Friday at the Westport library from fall through spring. They were started two years ago under the sponsorship of the Friends of the Westport Library, of which Mrs. Lewis Welsh is currently the president. It was organized and sparked by a group of mothers eager to bring in creative film entertainment for their own and other children in the community. A 16mm. sound projector was donated to the library by a local citizen, and since the work is all done by volunteer mothers, expenses are minimal. This year the Friends of the Library have budgeted $250 for eighteen different programs, amounting to less than $14 per program. This covers film rental, transportation costs, and occasional repairs and replacements for the projector. Each program is about forty minutes long, and is shown twice in the library, at 3:15 and at 4:00 PM—both times to capacity audiences of 120 children between the ages of seven and twelve. In addition, the same films are shown to two different groups of hospitalized children in the area. This means that the average cost per showing is about $3.50, something like a nickel per child.

"We make no pretense of formality," says Mrs. Edwin Thayer, chairman of the children's film program committee. "A corps of volunteer mothers hands out newspapers as the kids come in and they squat on them on the floor, gathering the papers up at the end of the show. We've had no 'keeping-order' problem, despite predictions; the children seem to like the good-natured handling we give them, and they are absorbed enough in the films to give them their complete attention. . . . We have the backing of the schools, which let us keep up permanent posters, on which we change the billing from week to week. . . . The most rewarding feature to us is that in a town where many families have television sets the same children reappear week after week, and they seem wonderfully enthusiastic about the movies we bring."

This year the Westport film programs have become a real community project. The local women's club is providing plastic material for permanent "sit upons" instead of newspapers, and the Girl Scouts are sewing them. Mrs. Thayer and the Friends of the Library, the volunteer mothers, the library staff, and the other groups have brought a big nickel's worth of entertainment to the children of their town. It is important that the films are all hand-picked to interest the children of Westport. But equally important is the adult cooperation and activity which make the film shows possible. The children may not realize it but this is entertainment that is different, in more ways than one. It seems a model all energetic parents would wish to consider.

In selecting films for the shows Mrs. Thayer has discovered that the most perplexing problem is that of finding acceptable cartoons. In a forty-minute program she finds that one ten-minute cartoon is a must, but thus far they have been far below the high quality of the other films. A few miscellaneous cartoons merit special mention: Coronet's "Visit from St. Nicholas" is the only Christmas cartoon I have found at all pleasant. The McLaren animated films, with their

Film Sources

Further information about the rental or purchase of films mentioned in these pages is available from the major distributors, whose addresses are given below:

A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y..
Association Films, 35 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.
Brandon Films, 1700 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
Coronet Films, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill.
Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Ill.
International Film Foundation, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
John Ott Film Library, 730 Elm St., Winnetka, Ill.
March of Time Forum Films, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
McGraw-Hill Text-Film Division, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.
National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.
Official Films, 25 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.
Sterling Films, 316 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.
United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29, N. Y.
Young America Films, 18 E. 41st St., New York 17, N. Y.

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brilliant colors and strange patterns, ought to be hits with most age groups, especially "Fiddle-de-dee"* and "Hoppity-Pop," the latter accompanied by calliope music. They are about three minutes long and available from the National Film Board of Canada. Incidentally Mrs. Thayer reports that her children were only baffled by "Fiddle-de-dee." A different, but equally delightful kind of color cartoon, produced by the NFB and distributed here by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, is "Teeth Are to Keep." It's clever and rambunctious, and even though it is about dental care there is no reason why it can't be shown for good fun as well as for good health.

A number of fairy tales have been filmed and released during the past year—none of which tickled my fancy. But I must admit that I am not easily pleased along these lines, and I leave it to the young people themselves to decide how good the films really are. My guess is that they are best suited to pre-school children. Sterling Films has a series of twelve ten-minute shorts which includes such titles as "Sleeping Beauty," "Cinderella," "Hansel and Gretel," "Rumpelstiltskin," and others. They are acted out by real people, with simple stage props and settings—not much one way or another, according to my sampling. Coronet Films has released some puppet fairy tales, including "King Midas," "Pied Piper," "Jack and the Beanstalk," etc., and they are available in color or in black-and-white. Encyclopaedia Britannica Films has "Little Red Riding Hood," done with hand-puppets in color, with some traces of humor and originality to recomend it.

But even without going into the business of make-believe, there is a wealth of exciting material for children's films. Animals, domestic and wild, always delight and interest small fry. Sports and skills of all kinds, as well as adventures of life and people in other lands, keep young eyes glued to the screen. And we should not forget that children are just as interested in the adult world as we are, if not more so. There is hardly a limit to the subjects: nature, aviation, science, and all the tricks and gadgets of our society. In selecting films for children, with all these subjects to choose from, it would seem wise to check with your own group to find out what their special interests are.

I'll run through the lists of films I have seen recently, to cover as much as possible in a limited amount of space. For young children animal films are always a hit. The March of Time Forum has just released a color production from the New York Zoo entitled "Andy's Animal Alphabet," which is just right for the smallest tots. Sterling's "Who's Who in the Bronx Zoo," Young America's "Curious Coati," "Adventuring Pups," "Baby Animals," "Let's Look at Animals," "Life in an Aquarium," and Encyclopaedia Britannica's "Live Teddy Bears," "Animals Growing Up," "Common Animals of the Woods," "Circus Day in Our Town," and "Insect Zoo" are other good examples of the numerous supply of animal films.

"Arctic Dog Team" and "How to Build an Igloo," productions of the National Film Board of Canada, are in color and may be rented or purchased from the NFB office. AF's "African Big Game" (twenty minutes) and Brandon's "Adventures of Chico" (fifty minutes) are excellent animal adventures for older and more daring children.

For some pleasant glimpses of life in other countries Julien Bryan's films about the people of the Orient are first rate. "Sampan Family," "Japanese Family," and "Pacific Island" are all handsomely photographed, distinctly pleasing, and intelligent. The films show children at work and at play in their own ways, some strangely different and some strangely similar to our own. Produced and sold by the International Film Foundation, the films are about twenty minutes each.

Another fine series, The Earth and Its Peoples, offers "Eskimo Hunters," "Highlands of the Andes," "Horsemen of the Pampa," "Farmers of India," "On Mediterranean Shores," and others. The Bryan films are easy to recommend for youngsters and for any of their parents who care to attend. In these films the photography is seldom less than startingly beautiful, and in each there is an adventure as well as information. There are thirty-six films in all, each about twenty minutes long, available for sale or rental from United World.

"Children's Concerts," a forty-minute film produced by the Canadian Film Board and distributed here by Encyclopedia Britannica, not only explains the rudiments of formal music but also presents an informal introduction to rhythm and melody and harmony in a lively and entertaining way. Eugene Kash, the personable Canadian conductor who originated and conducted the weekly children's concerts in Ottawa, is the musical host in the film. An older film, still unique and wonderful, and perhaps better suited to bigger children, is the British Information Services's "Instruments of the Orchestra," (twenty minutes). Brandon Films has two American folk-music items: "Tall Tales" (ten minutes) and "To Hear Your Banjo Play" (twenty minutes).

IN sports films the supply is almost without bounds. There are how-to-do-its and highlights-from-great-games covering every field from Archery to Z. "Sport's Golden Age" (sixteen minutes), an RKO release distributed by McGraw-Hill Text Films, surveys several generations of champions. The March of Time's "Fight Game" eighteen minutes) should be a favorite with boys and their dads. Official Films and Castle Division of United World Films list other titles by the dozen; none of them are outstanding film productions but that doesn't seem to bother anyone particularly.

Budding botanists will be interested in John Ott's films on plant life. "Time Lapse Photography" shows Mr. Ott's intricate studio of cameras, clocks, and machines which photograph plant growth in slowest motion (an iris plant, for example, grows before your eyes at a rate 10,000 times faster than normal). "Spring Blossoms" (nineteen minutes) shows flowers of all kinds from all parts of the country—azaleas and camelias, crabapple blossoms and jack-in-the-pulpit, shooting stars, daffodils, and buttercups—a life cycle completed in less than a minute.

"Maps and Pioneers" (twenty-two minutes), an historical film in color about the settling of Virginia, is available from the Film Production Service, Department of Education, Richmond, Virginia. The Idaho State Department of Aeronautics, Capitol Building, Boise, has made a forty-minute color film entitled "The Air Age," which is just about all-inclusive on the subject of peacetime aviation. Prints are for sale from that office, and a few are available for loan.

And all this is only the beginning. There are enough good films to last for the lifetime of the child, and then, of course, enough good films to see him through adulthood. To the adults who read this article I leave the question in your hands: how does this kind of entertainment compare with Howdy Doody and the Lone Ranger and Hopalong Cassidy? Your children will be influenced by *your* answer not by mine.

—CECILE STARR.

*For addresses of all distributors mentioned here, see Film Source list. All films are between ten and fifteen minutes long, unless otherwise stated.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

GEMS FROM THE THAMES

LONDON.

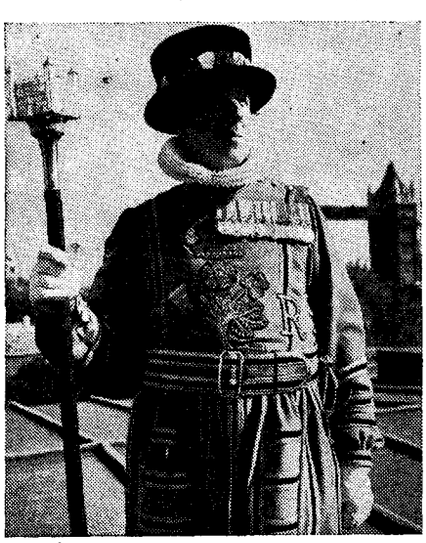
THE AIRPLANE lifts you in the matter of three hours from Zurich in the land of plenty to London in the land of leanness. The switch is abrupt, but the landscape around Northolt Airport looks more like home than any other place in Europe. British European Airways, which flies twin-motored Vikings back and forth to the Continent, transfers you, once on the ground, to its own fleet of double-decker buses, and drives you into town free of charge. It might as well be Jackson Heights. The highway runs between rows of two-family, red-brick suburban houses. The only difference is that the television aerials here are vertical, and, of course, the traffic drives on the left, giving an American the impression that he is looking at the cars through a rear-view mirror. Even the factories are familiar—Gillette, Hoover, Pyrene. And the flaming red buses of the London transport companies, also double-deckers, carry signs that proclaim the miracles of Tide, the washwoman's delight, and a beer called Ben Truman (no relation).

To see London properly one must, they say, eat fish and chips from newspaper, feed the pigeons in Trafalgar Square under the spray of the fountains, listen in on the public arguments which take place in Hyde Park at Marble Arch, and visit a creaky pub like The George, where London businessmen with bowler, umbrella, and red carnation foregather at noon to eat a standup lunch of Cornish pasties (a meat-and-vegetable pie) and "ordinary" cheese sandwiches washed down with a pint of ale. The Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, which appears in London each morning of good flying weather, has recently run an editorial commemorating the centenary of the bowler. In London the bowler, or Coke as it is sometimes called, is as much a part of the equipment of the successful businessman as, for example, a steady job.

If you can find a hotel room there is enough to see in London to keep you here for weeks. One must, to be sure, visit the Tower of London, which is nearly as famous as its guards—the Beefeaters, more formally known as the Yeoman Warders of the Tower—they of the flat-domed, pleated, red-and-black hat, the ruffled collars, the knee breeches, and the halberd. The Tower, whose most recent prisoner of note was Rudolph Hess, is also a haven for a flight of ravens, who are sacred residents of the property. There is a legend that if the ravens leave the Tower the Empire will crumble. The authorities aren't superstitious, but just to be on the safe side they clip the ravens' wings. It hardly hampers the birds very much, for they remain a threat to the tower cats. Whenever a cat proves slower than a raven, it sounds, the Beefeaters say, like a battalion of Scottish bagpipers marching to church. Since the ravens do not breed in the unromantic confines of London's Tower, all the birds are replaced by donors. Upon arrival for crown duty each raven is registered and given a ration card, although the royal birds seem to get more meat than the average Londoner.

The Tower is, as well, the repository for Britain's crown jewels, which are kept inside barred and glass walls in a separate building (admission extra). Says the Beefeater who functions as guide, "Let me tell you, should you decide to view the jewels, to hang onto the railing and hope for the best. It'll surely dazzle you." He also briefed potential jewel-viewers not to ask, "Are they real?" That would be an insult to the warder who guards them. To ask their value is to be a crass commercialist. They are priceless to the British Empire, but a jewelry appraiser once slapped an estimated value of something like fifty million pounds on the royal baubles. While gripping the rail and hoping for the best we did manage to scribble in our notebook a fragment or two about what dazzled us most. The collection includes the State Salt Cellar used at the coronation banquet and given by the city of Exeter to Charles II; the scepter of George VI, which holds the Great Star of Africa, largest cut diamond in the world; the state crown of Queen Mary used at the coronation of George V on June 22, 1911, and the tiny crown made to order for Queen Victoria, who could withstand the tribulations of the Empire, but not the weight of a crown on her head.

IF YOU should possess an historical curiosity and a heavy overcoat you will doubtless enjoy rummaging around in the dank confines of Westminster Abbey, a church which holds the graves of most who were great and who were British. One can scarcely enter through the west door without noticing the simple wall plaque to Franklin Roosevelt, honored as a



—*British Travel Association Photos.*

Beefeater, Queen's crown, and London's Lord Mayor—"it might as well be Jackson Heights."

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friend of Britain and freedom and four times President of the United States. Another American so honored is Longfellow, whose marble bust (but not his body) reposes in the Poet's Corner. In the floor nearby lie Browning (1812-89) and Tennyson (1809-92), side by side. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is buried in Florence. Around a partition are the remains of Samuel Johnson, Dickens, and Thomas Hardy. On the day we barged in on the Abbey the stone slab in the floor marking the grave of the actor Henry Irving, who died on October 13, 1905, was covered with three bunches of withering flowers. Said a card attached to one:

Sent from Ellen Terry's garden on October 13, 1950, on behalf of Ellen Terry (d. 1927) and of her daughter Edy (d. 1947).

—C. A. and C. St. J.

Looking down from the opposite wall is Jenny Lind Goldsmith, died November 2, 1887. Her immobile features are chiseled into the stone, and so is a lyre surrounded by a marble wreath.

An even more realistic memorial to personalities both English and international is Madame Tussaud's wax works, a huge collection of nearly 500 effigies. Tussaud's gets you in the mood by sprinkling around a few wax ushers, wax bobbies, and tired-out old wax ladies sitting on the public benches. The figures upstairs include political, military, theatrical, and sportive celebrities, past and present. As you browse a catalogue keeps you abreast with thumbnail biographies. So Tussaud's records in a tableau of many figures the sorrowful end of Mary Queen of Scots, whom Elizabeth had beheaded. There is a working model called Sleeping Beauty, whose bosom actually heaves. Madame Tussaud herself modeled her from life, using as her subject Madame St. Amaranthe, the widow of a colonel in Louis XVI's bodyguard who had been killed in the attack on the Tuilleries in 1792. Robespierre tried to make her his mistress, and when the great beauty declined he had her hauled before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Although the charge was false, the dead colonel's lady lost her head to the guillotine at the age of twenty-two.

For a few extra pence you can descend into Tussaud's basement, officially known as the Chamber of Horrors. It is by and large a collection of English murderers who will be unknown to American visitors. On the wall, however, hangs a facsimile of a letter sent by a well-known whittler to the Central News Agency in London. It says in part: "My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get a chance. Good luck. Yours truly, Jack the Ripper."

Also on hand are the death masks of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI, both of whom were taken immediately after their executions in the Place de la Concorde by Mme. Tussaud herself.

For those Americans who expect to spend some time touring England one of the most sensible systems is to order in the USA for delivery on arrival a Hillman Minx or one of the other small British cars that sell for $1,000, and then have it shipped home at the end of the trip. We went buzzing up to Stratford-upon-Avon in a Humber Super Snipe to get an idea what British touring was like, and we wish to report that a "roundabout" is a traffic circle, and a "lay-by" is a place by the side of the road where you can park, picnic, or take in a view. The roads are narrow but well paved, and the drivers of lorries (trucks to you) have exquisite highway manners, motioning you on to pass whenever the coast is clear.

Stratford, you most certainly will want to know, is ninety-two miles from London and is, of course, the birthplace of Shakespeare. We have been careful to call the place Stratford-upon-Avon, its real name, because there used to be a postmaster in town who took every letter addressed to Stratford-on-Avon, and sent it back stamped "Address Unknown." Everybody goes to see Shakespeare's birth-

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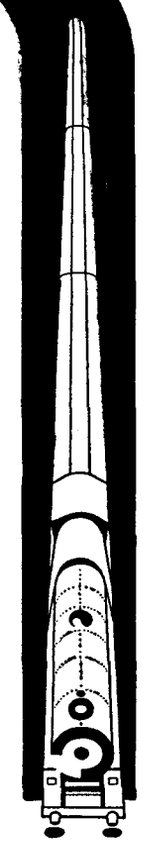

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place on Henley St., which became a butcher shop after the Bard's death, but has since been restored. More than 125,000 tourists slipped through the house last year, and the Queen herself with Margaret had a look on April 20, 1950. Shakespeare wooed Anne Hathaway in Stratford and her house is on view. He won her, but whether he ever went so far as to take out legal papers seems doubtful. Unfortunately for Stratford, the house in which Shakespeare died exists no more. It was acquired by one Francis Gastrell, an individual of uneven temperament who became so incensed by the flow of inquisitive tourists that he chopped down a mulberry tree which Shakespeare had planted. (A watchmaker bought it up and made a killing selling splinters.) The tourists, an inexorable army of them, flowed on and Gastrell finally had the house torn down. The indignant townspeople passed a resolution that no one named Gastrell might ever live in Stratford-upon-Avon.

Shakespeare is buried in the Collegiate Church of Stratford, in whose holdings he was an investor. A likeness of him over his tomb, done in painted stone only twenty years after his death, is believed to be his most faithful likeness. There was talk of moving him over to Westminster Abbey, but the famous lines, attributed to him, which are carved on his grave were said to have been a deterrent:

Good friend for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare
Blese be e man t spares thes stones
y y
And curst be he t moves my bones
y

The municipal book which records his birth on April 23, 1504, and his death on the same day in 1616 can also be seen at the church. Meanwhile, should his fame need further perpetuation, a repertory of about five of his plays is given alternately from March through October at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, a building for which the Rockefellers put up half the jack.

Tourists can get by handsomely in Stratford at the Falcon Hotel, a typical English wood-and-stone affair where the rates run about $3.50 for bed and breakfast. The Welcombe Hotel, just outside the center of town is slightly higher, but in any case you will find the food considerably better in England once you take leave of London. Inside London you will eat much better in the private clubs if you have a member to take you. The breakfasts, like the rest of the fare in England, are long on fish, not to mention sausage and powdered eggs—scrambled. London will celebrate soon the tenth anniversary of the Battle of Britain, and the city is still convalescing. But the austerity is nothing if it isn't orderly. Londoners queue up for the movies and queue up for a bus ride and queue up even if there is only one other person waiting. In a skit in "Knights of Madness," a musical revue playing at the Victoria Palace, a comedian tells an actor posing as a Russian spy, "Listen, Ivan, play it smart. If you want to masquerade as an Englishman, just stand in a queue." In London it brings down the house.

—HORACE SUTTON.

ALL THE BEST IN HOLLAND, by Sidney Clark. Dodd, Mead. $4. Sidney Clark is the type of travel writer who can turn out a new book in the same time it takes the rest of us to come to terms on a new contract. His classic, factual approach to Holland will hold you in very good stead, for he takes you into the lowlands both by air and by sea from the States, by ship from England, and also by way of the Rhine River steamer from Basel, Switzerland, a romantic, little-known route. A catch-all chapter gives you enough fine points to keep you out of jail or the hospital—as, for example, an admonition never to halt or change one's pace while crossing a Dutch street for fear of crashing into bicyclists, who plot their courses and judge their distances with a practised eye. The thing that you will appreciate about Clark is the clear fact that he discusses enough history and culture and industry to brush you up but, more than that, he offers you the benefit of his experience with restaurants and hotels, giving an inkling of the rates and an appraisal of the cuisine.

OBERAMMERGAU: Famous Village, Famous Visitors, by Otto Gunzler and Alfred Zwink. Münchener Dom-Verlag, Munich. An immensely interesting account of the Passion Play which evolves into a discussion of the famous visitors who have been coming to Oberammergau for centuries. It is filled with anecdotes about royalty, celebrities, and military figures. In discussing the visit of old Prussian General Ludendorff, it wanders into some byways of his life, a system which serves to place the visits in historical perspective. The book is full of reproduced autographs of the Sultan of Johore, the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, David Lloyd George, and William Howard Taft. There are nostalgic remembrances of the brilliant season of 1910, notes about Alben Barkley, a U. S. Senator from Kentucky who came in 1930, and a fuzzy photograph of Harold Lloyd.—H. S.

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From Diamond to Ring

A Survey for Sportsmen

THE woods are full of good books for the sportsman. Hunt them down. Here is Americana in its handsomest form, and also some mighty enjoyable reading.

Pick up a copy of Frank C. Hibben's "Hunting American Bears." If this isn't a honey of an adventure tale, shoot me. If you prefer to shoot other kinds of game and want to know where and how, refer to the "Standard Book of Hunting and Shooting," edited by Robert B. Stringfellow. And you couldn't find better bait for your fish than the "Standard Book of Fishing," edited by Bruce R. Tuttle. These three titles aren't cited as exceptions. They are representative of the many outstanding current books on the ways of sports and sportsmen.

For the sports-hungry spectator, books on baseball are piled higher than Dodgers on third base. Many of them are just as funny and well worth the price of admission. "Times at Bat," by Arthur Daley, is a shining example.

There are no more than a fistful of books on football and basketball, yet each of these sports draws more attendance than baseball; it may be that the fans and publishers are busy watching.

Surprisingly, the horses are running well behind the pack.

Golf, tennis, boxing, bowling, skiing, sailing, swimming, ring-round-the-rosy—if you don't find a book on your favorite sport in your bookstore, ask for it. Chances are that they have it. If they don't, pound the counter until they come across.

The following list offers a representative cross-section of current books on sports and sportsmen. Because of the limitations of space many worthwhile titles of special appeal have had to be omitted.

—ROBERT COUSINS.

Baseball

TIMES AT BAT: A Half Century of Baseball. By Arthur Daley. New York: Random House. 306 *pp.* $2.75. The noted sports columnist of *The New York Times* slips back and forth over the past fifty seasons recounting may of the rib-tickling stories that baseball men love to tell. Reviewed in *SRL* June 10, 1950.

THE BASEBALL STORY. By Fred Lieb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 335 *pp.* $3.95. Most histories of baseball start at Cooperstown. Mr. Lieb, a reporter intolerant of inaccuracies, claims it started at the time of the pyramids. In tracing the game to 1949, he tosses out the Doubleday lore and other generally accepted theories about the game and players.

A TREASURY OF BASEBALL HUMOR. Edited by Stan Lomax and Dave Stanley. New York: Lantern Press. 316 *pp.* $3. Top sports reporters, short-story writers, and humorous essayists contribute to this delightful satire. There are enough laughs here to brighten the face of Sad Sam Jones. Cartoon illustrated.

THE STORY OF THE WORLD SERIES. By Fred Lieb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 333 *pp.* $3.95. Mr. Lieb has attended every World Series but one from 1911 to 1948. Who could ask for more?

MY 66 YEARS IN THE BIG LEAGUES. By Connie Mack. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 246 *pp.* $2.50. The eighty-eight-year-old patriarch sizes up outstanding players, managers, and highlights of the game as they crowd into his memory. Reviewed in *SRL* June 10.

THE GREAT BASEBALL MANAGERS. By Charles B. Cleveland. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 250 *pp.* $3. Successful managers discuss baseball strategy. The book also gives managerial viewpoints of baseball as it was played in the handle-bar-mustache days, when rock-and-sock-'em was the order of the day. Reviewed in *SRL* June 10.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL. By Ethan Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co. 251 *pp.* $3.50. In a pictorial approach, the former National League outfielder gives the fundamentals of play in every position, and how to manage a team. Teen-agers will get sound baseball here.

LOW AND INSIDE. By Ira L. Smith and H. Allen Smith. New York: Simon & Schuster. 243 *pp.* $2.50. These Smith brothers will make you chuckle and cough with laughter. There's little history or sequence here—just page after page of hilarious baseball anecdotes, oddities, screwballs, and boners.

BASEBALL. By Robert Smith. New York: Simon & Schuster. 262 *pp.* $3.50. This is a 1947 publication but deserves mention because it will probably last as long as baseball itself. Traces the history of the game, its outstanding players, and its place in American life.

CONNIE MACK'S BASEBALL BOOK. By Connie Mack. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 234 *pp.* $2.50. Connie Mack—"Mr. Baseball"—advises youngsters on how to play the game. Those who think they have the stuff big leaguers are made of couldn't get better counsel on how to climb the baseball ladder. Foreword by Red Smith. Reviewed in *SRL* June 10.

MY GREATEST BASEBALL GAME. Edited by Don Schiffer. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 219 *pp.* $3. The "game I will never forget," as related by thirty-four of today's outstanding players. Illustrated.

Football

NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL. By Frank Leahy. New York: Prentice-Hall. 244 *pp.* $3. The coach of the "Fighting Irish" discusses strategy and plays which have made his teams the scourge of the college gridiron—through 1949, that is.

POWER FOOTBALL. Secrets of the Split T Formation. By Don Faurot. New York: Prentice-Hall. 384 *pp.* $3. The originator of the dazzling, "hup-hup," split-T formation takes us into the inner sanctum to explain how the system works and why it is better than the single wing, double wing, etc. Illustrated.

FOOTBALL KICKING TECHNIQUES. By Ken Strong and Emil E. Brodbeck. New York: McGraw-Hill. 160 *pp.* $3. Text and motion-picture studies of how to get rid of that ball. Also, how to split the uprights for the extra point or field goal. Foreword by Grantland Rice.

MODERN FOOTBALL. By H. O. (Fritz) Crisler. New York: McGraw-Hill. 286 *pp.* $3.75. In this revised edition the former coach of Princeton and Michigan pigskin powerhouses analyzes

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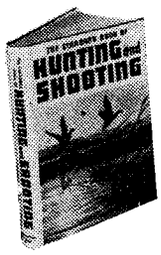

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the fundamentals and fine points of the game. He appraises the operation of most formations.

PROFESSOR FODORSKI. By Robert Lewis Taylor. New York: Doubleday & Co. 250 *pp.* $2.75. A satiric novel on college football, particularly the trials and tribulations of Stanislaus Fodorski, a professor of engineering, who had a devil of a time trying to decipher gridiron formulas. Reviewed in *SRL* Oct. 28.

Basketball

WINNING BASKETBALL. By Nat Holman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 215 *pp.* $2.75. Mr. Holman's 1949-50 City College five won both the NCAA and the National Invitation tournaments. In analyzing the technique and strategy of winning basketball, this expert proves that he can write about it as well as he can teach it.

WINNING BASKETBALL PLAYS. Edited by Clair Bee. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 176 *pp.* $3. The Long Island University mentor gathers together 300 championship plays originated by seventy-five coaches. Each play is diagrammed and analyzed.

SCIENTIFIC BASKETBALL. By Howard Hobson. New York: Prentice-Hall. 264 *pp.* $3.65. A detailed, intimate study for scholars of the game. Evaluates the requirements and achievements of individual players and the team.

RUPP'S CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL. By Adolph Rupp. New York: Prentice-Hall. 320 *pp.* $3. So long as Mr. Rupp's Kentucky Wildcats add to their phenomenal record of wins, this book will be strategic reading. Here are the basketball fundamentals that underlie that successful record.

CLAIR BEE'S BASKETBALL QUIZ BOOK. By Clair Bee. New York: Greenberg Publishers. 120 *pp.* $2. A fact-filled book of 600 questions and answers on all phases of the court game: origin, equipment, rules, officials, tournaments.

Tennis

HOW TO PLAY BETTER TENNIS. By William Tilden. New York: Simon & Schuster. 191 *pp.* $2.75. The old master serves up theory, tactics, technique, psychology, and his viewpoint of the game. This isn't a book for "patty-ballers." It's for "tennis nuts," Mr. Tilden advises.

HOW TO PLAY BETTER TENNIS. By Ellsworth Vines. Drexel Hill: Bell Publishing Co. 119 *pp.* $2. Revised edition by the "feller with the smash." He advises how to play and improve your game all over the court. Illustrated.

USE YOUR HEAD IN TENNIS. By Bob Harmon. With Keith Monroe. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 212 *pp.* $2.95. For tennis "weekenders" who don't have the energy to play a smashing, driving game, here are countless tips on how to outwit your opponent and win. *Where's my racquet?*

HOW TO WIN AT TENNIS. By Jack Kramer. New York: Prentice-Hall. 182 *pp.* $3. Here is tennis know-how for beginners as revealed by one of the modern "greats." Chalk up another "ace" for Mr. Kramer. Illustrated.

Boxing and Wrestling

CHAMPIONSHP FIGHTING. By Jack Dempsey. New York: Prentice-Hall. 250 *pp.* $3. Exploding body weight and aggressive defense are your most important weapons in boxing, the "Manassa Mauler" contends. He shows the amateur and professional how to perfect these techniques.

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP. By Nat Fleischer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 303 *pp.* $4.50. The story of heavyweight boxing and its personalities from 1719 (James Figg was the champ, in case you've forgotten) to Joe Louis.

THE SAGA OF SOCK. By John V. Grombach. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 381 *pp.* $5. A kaleidoscope of fisticuffs from Greek times to the present. Appraises colorful boxers, intrigues, politics, skills, and impact of boxing on society.

WRESTLING: Intercollegiate and Olympic. By Henry A. Stone. New York: Prentice-Hall. 352 *pp.* $5. Second edition of one of the most authoritative books on the subject. Compares Intercollegiate and Olympic styles, with the holds and rules of each. Advises on the care and prevention of injuries. Illustrated.

THE WRESTLING SCENE. By Guy Le Bow. New York: Crown Publishers. 96 *pp. Paperbound.* $1. Televiewers who are often mystified by the antics of the "grunt and groaners" will find some of the mystery clarified here. Includes photographs and inside stories about today's stars, favorite holds, records and statistics. Foreword by Mel Allen.

Golf

73 YEARS IN A SAND TRAP. By Fred Beck and O. K. Barnes. New York: A. A. Wyn. 160 *pp.* $2. Here, indeed, is an oddity—two sandtrappers with senses of humor. While trying to blast their way out they raise anecdotes, tell tales, laughs, and everything else but their golf balls. Illustrated.

GOLF DOCTOR. By Carey Middlecoff. New York: McGraw-Hill. 104 *pp.* $3. The good doctor diagnoses the fundamentals of the stance, the grip, the swing, trapshots, etc. Eighty photographs will help keep your game healthy.

—*From "A Treasury of Baseball Humor."*

HOOKS AND SLICES. By Jim Igoe, Jr. Philadelphia: Reilly & Lee. 96 *pp.* $2. Humorous cartoons and commentary about average golfers who fall into every hole but the right one. Maybe you won't recognize yourself, but your friends will.

PAR GOLF IN EIGHT STEPS: A Simple Way to Good Golf for Everyone. By Joe Novak. New York: Prentice-Hall. 248 *pp.* $2.95. A checklist on golf form for those who want to improve their game. Illustrated.

THE GOLF COURSE GUIDE. By Anthony F. Merrill. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 410 *pp.* $3.50. The traveling golfer should welcome this up-to-date guide to more than 1,800 golf courses in the United States and abroad. In compiling vital statisics on all greens Mr. Merrill doesn't miss a hole.

JOHNNY REVOLTA'S SHORT CUTS TO BETTER GOLF. By Johnny Revolta and Charles B. Cleveland. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 203 *pp.* $2.95. The famous "pro" reduces the game to a few simple rules and describes the "Revolta Formula" for par golf. Introduction by Ellsworth Vines. Illustrated.

MY GREATEST DAY IN GOLF. Edited by Darsie L. Darsie. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 210 *pp.* $3. Fifty-one top golfers reminisce about their most memorable matches.

Winter Sports

SKATE WITH ME. By Barbara Ann Scott. New York: Doubleday & Co. 160 *pp.* $4. The Olympic champion gives explicit instructions for those who want to cut a fancy figure "8" and other intricate routines. Diagrammatic action drawings show skating form and technique. Illustrated.

SKIING NATURALLY. By Frank Harper. New York: A. A. Wyn. 128 *pp.* $2. Combining the best features of the Swiss and Norwegian systems, Mr. Harper formulates a new technique of skiing, which, he holds, is fast becoming the method used by all professional skiers.

POWER SKIING. By Tyler Micolean. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 96 *pp.* $2.95. A pictorial approach to the techniques necessary for good skiing. Recommended for beginners. Illustrated.

WHERE TO SKI. By Joan and David Landman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 359 *pp.* $3.50. Where to go, how to get there, where to stay, and how much you can expect to pay for a skiing vacation.

WORLD SKI BOOK. Edited by Frank Elkins and Frank Harper. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 310 *pp.* $5. Here is a Baedeker on skis. The art of skiing is taught by international champions and coaches. Fastest slopes throughout the world are listed. Includes everything from a foreword by W. Averill Harriman to a little-known short story by Ernest Hemingway.

Fish and Fishermen

THE STANDARD BOOK OF FISHING. Edited by Bruce R. Tuttle. New York: The Greystone Press. 560 *pp.* $5.95. Hooking fish with the help of this book will be as easy as falling off a log. Thirty experts describe every kind of fresh- and salt-water fish, where to find them, and what bait to use to catch them. Illustrated.

THE EASTERN BROOK TROUT. By Bob Elliot. New York: W. W. Norton. 242 *pp.* $5. Pointers on where to fish, how to bait, and how to cook the elusive *Salvelinus fontinalis*—Mr. Trout. Recommends best types of flies and lures, rods and reels, and most productive fishing areas in Northern New England and Canada.

FISHING THE ATLANTIC: Off Shore and On. By S. Kip Farrington. New York: Coward-McCann. 312 *pp.* $7.50. How to fish the Atlantic and the Gulf waters from the deep sea, the surf, the bay, the dock, and the bridge. Appraises various species, tackles, baits, guides, boats for hire, travel, and even hotel accommodations while you wait for your bite. Illustrated.

GAME FISH OF THE WORLD. Edited by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald and Francesca LaMonte. New York: Harper & Bros. 446 *pp.* $15. Nineteen experts classify game fish, and fresh- and salt-water areas on all parts of the globe.

THE ENTERPRISING ANGLER. By W. A. Adamson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 268 *pp.* $4. A Britisher goes fishing. Expounding his personal experiences in fresh waters, he recommends discreet use of the "pressure" theory (the sudden rise in barometric pressure) and the "solunar" theory (the effect of the moon's gravitational pull on inland waters). Once you fathom this, the rest is easy.

SALT WATER FISHING. By Robert A. Dahne. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 360 *pp.* $5. A guide to 115 salt-water fish and how to bait them out of any U. S. coastal waters. Describes history, habits, and haunts. Illustrated.

TROUT WATERS AND HOW TO FISH THEM. By Joseph D. Bates, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. How to find a trout under changing conditions of season, location, and weather. Cites habits and characteristics. Illustrated.

ADVANCED BAIT CASTING. By Charles K. Fox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 204 *pp.* $3.75. How to hook a fish. Describes lures and refinements of technique and tackles that the hungry angler should know.

A DICTIONARY OF TROUT FLIES. By A. Courtney Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. 376 *pp.* $5. How to tie a fly. How to dress natural and artificial flies—400 of them. It all adds up to a darn good menu for a trout.

STREAMER FLY FISHING. By Joseph D. Bates, Jr. New York: D. Van Nostrand & Co. 384 *pp.* $5. Detailed instructions on the use of streamers and bucktails, particularly how they should be tied. Illustrated.

BASIC FISHING. By Harlan Major. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 192 *pp.* $3. How does a fish feel about all this? Here are his and her reactions to color and light, habits, and what the family likes to eat. With the help of this book not even a novice fisherman would disappoint them. Illustrated.

Hunting and Shooting

SKEET AND TRAP SHOOTING. By Dick Shaugnessy with Tap Goodenough. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 192 *pp.* $3. A how-to-do-it guide to scoring a perfect round. Covers selection and care of guns and equipment, layout of traps and skeet fields, rules, organization of gun clubs, etc. Illustrated.

THE STANDARD BOOK OF HUNTING AND SHOOTING. Edited by Robert B. Stringfellow. New York: The Greystone Press. 576 *pp.* $5.95. Forty hunters reveal where to find game and how to track it down. And while they're about it, they give countless tips on how to pitch tents and shelters, rifles and their care, how to cook, etc. Illustrated.

AMERICAN SPORTING DOGS. Edited by Eugene V. Connett. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. Twenty-six dog experts tell how to breed, handle, and train your dog to bring back that bird, or any other catch. Illustrated.

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THE AMERICAN DEER HUNTER. By Francis E. Sell. New York: Stackpole & Heck. 174 *pp.* $3.95. Strategic stalking and proficient shooting. The ways and wiles of the deer are projected and analyzed. Illustrated.

THE FOX. By Lionel Edwards. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 94 *pp.* $6. In this handsomely illustrated work one of England's foremost sportsmen describes how to match wits with a fox. In light of its brevity, the price of the book is expensive. But so is Mr. Reynard. Both are worth it.

OFFICIAL HUNTING BOOK. Edited by Charles R. Jacobs. New York: Crown Publishers. 160 *pp. Paper-bound,* $1.50; *Cloth,* $2.50. An encyclopedic, illustrated approach to hunting on the North American continent: big game, small game, and varmints. Also, how to keep alive.

SIMPLIFIED RIFLE SHOOTING. By Charles Edward Chapel. New York: Coward-McCann. 256 *pp.* $4. A noted authority on guns discusses all phases of rifle development, shooting, and care.

RIFLES AND RIFLE SHOOTING. By Philip B. Sharpe. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 900 *pp.* $15. A standard reference work giving history of and technical information on every rifle manufactured in this country. Studies foreign rifles. Illustrated.

WILD FOWLING IN THE MISSISSIPPI FLYWAY. Edited by Eugene V. Connett. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 387 *pp.* $6. If you have any questions about duck calls, decoys, best places to shoot, and how to shoot, you'll probably find the answer in this handsome guide.

HUNTING AMERICAN BEARS. By Frank C. Hibbin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 247 *pp.* $5. Dr. Hibbin isn't talking about the Teddy. He's stalking big game. This is his account of the ferocious grizzlies he met and conquered on his hunts from the Admiralty Islands to Chihuahua, Mexico. All kinds, sizes, and colors of bears are discussed. A rousing adventure.

Sailing

A CRUISING GUIDE TO THE CHESAPEAKE. By Fessenden S. Blanchard. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 233 *pp.* $5. The "get-away-from-it-all" will enjoy this restful cruise through the waters of the Chesapeake Bay. The log includes points of historical interest, location of yacht clubs, harbors for refuge, where to weigh anchor, and where to get a good meal and bed ashore. Illustrated.

SAILING TECHNIQUE. By H. A. Calahan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 459 *pp.* $6. Instruction for the beginner on how to dodge the jib and improve his sailing skill. Illustrated.

SCIENTIFIC SAILBOAT RACING. By Ted Wills. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 170 *pp.* $4. A professional aeronautical engineer brings a vigorous, salty approach to the handling, timing, and tactics of small-boat racing. Illustrated.

SHERMAN HOYT'S MEMOIRS. By Sherman Hoyt. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 348 *pp.* $5. The adventures and salty yarns of a yachtsman who has whipped up sprays on the seven seas. Illustrated.

YACHTSMAN'S CAMERA. By Carleton Mitchell. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 148 *pp.* $5. Superb photography combined with descriptive text reveal the varied way of life and the adventures experienced on large and small boats.

YACHT RACING RULES AND TACTICS. By Gordon Aymar. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 144 *pp.* $5. One good picture is worth a thousand words. This book proves it. Through the use of photographs it brings racing rules and tactics up to date and clarifies what you can do and what you can't do.

Horses

MAN O'WAR. By Page Cooper and Roger L. Treat. New York: Julian Messner. 230 *pp.* $3. Story of the most famous speedster in American racing history. There never was another like "Big Red"—a horse referred to as "who" instead of "that" or "which."

BEGINNERS ON HORSEBACK. By Major D. Mac L. Macmillan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 194 *pp.* $3. Principles of riding for those who are just beyond the beginner's stage. Photographs clarify the fine points of horsemanship. Illustrated.

SPORT ON HORSEBACK. By Col. John F. Wall. New York: Greenberg Publisher. 170 *pp.* $7.50. Planning equestrian events, exhibitions, steeplechases, trail rides, fox hunts, rodeo, and the like. Illustrated.

HARNESS HORSE RACING: In the U. S. and Canada. By Frank A. Wrensch. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. 207 *pp.* $7.50. Mr. Wrensch throws a complete harness over this popular sport. Covers origin and development, standardbred horse breeding, training, race strategy, track management, rules, glossary of terms, and major events. Illustrated.

HORSES ARE FOLKS. By C. W. Anderson. New York: Harper & Bros. 90 *pp.* $3.50. An eminent judge of horses captures the individual personalities of twelve famous thoroughbreds.

Miscellaneous

OUT OF THE RED. By Red Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 294 *pp.* $3. The sparkling sports columnist of the *New York Herald Tribune* calls his shots on almost every sport—from baseball to the Westminster Kennel show. Here is sports humor at its best. Illustrated by Willard Mullin. Reviewed in *SRL* June 10.

CHAMPIONSHIP TECHNIQUES IN TRACK AND FIELD. By Dean B. Cromwell and Alfred F. Wesson. New York: McGraw-Hill. 343 *pp.* $4. A guide and training manual on running, hurdling, pole-vaulting, discus-throwing, and other field events. Highlights the Olympic games.

INDIVIDUAL SPORTS FOR MEN. By John H. Shaw, Carl A. Troester, Jr., and Milton A. Gabrielson. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. 399 *pp.* $4.50. The publishers of the Kinsey Report prescribe how to keep busy. Covers the administration, planning, organization, and teaching of ten major sports. For school and college instructors. Illustrated.

THE ART OF OFFICIATING SPORTS. By John W. Bunn. New York: Prentice-Hall. 448 *pp.* $5. How to keep your temper and order in twenty-five sports. Covers mechanics of officiating and essential qualifications for work of this kind. Illustrated.

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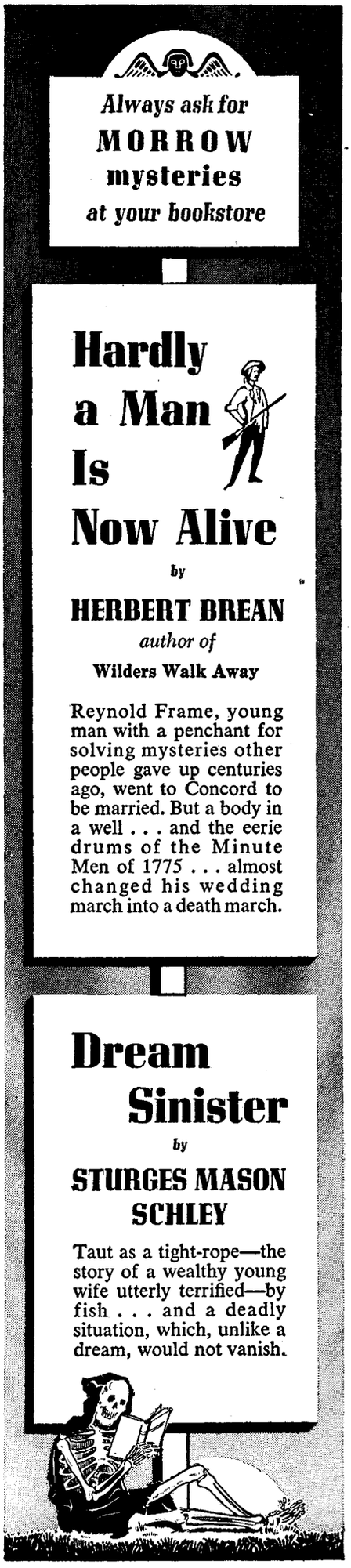
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U. S. A.

(*Continued from page 21*)

by the Truman Administration. He criticizes Roosevelt's share in the Yalta Agreement—a view that he might have modified somewhat had the Stettinius papers been available before the Nevins manuscript went to the printers. Another of Roosevelt's blunders, he feels, was the President's insistence on the costly policy of "unconditional surrender."

Denis Brogan's "The Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt" is fascinating reading because of the many keen insights and shrewd judgments. He believes that the New Deal continued the historic American progressive tradition, which had been only temporarily suspended during the Harding-Coolidge era. The election campaigns and the complex play of the professional politicos are told with zest and skill. He points up the conclusions of the TNEC regarding current monopolistic trends, especially the fact that the NRA was the parent of innumerable "fair-trade laws" and other devices hampering competition. Still, he makes clear the intention of the New Dealers to make the NRA a major experiment in the democratic planning of our economy. In similar objective fashion, he analyzes the TVA and other major New Deal laws.

With frequent flashes of humor, Brogan defines the sit-down strike as a cross between a semirevolutionary technique and a fad like midget golf; and he refers to the confirmation of Justice Black as done "under the Senatorial tradition by which a member of the upper chamber is fit for any post." While he omits the Collier Act (the "New Deal for the Indians") and some other salient aspects of regional history, his narrative is usually very inclusive. In an otherwise excellent discussion of pressure groups, he makes the dubious statement that the Jewish anti-German boycott "helped to provoke the organization of German-American opinion in defense of the New Order in Germany." This overlooks both the wide popular basis for this boycott and the Nazi origin of these organizations to spread the Hitler gospel; these alleged spontaneous expressions of an exclusively "defensive" character occurred wherever the German population was sufficiently numerous for Hitler's agents to attempt their organization. Still, the reviewer has the impression that this volume may come to be considered as one of the best in the entire Chronicles series.

While a volume is yet to appear on the home front during World War II, Fletcher Pratt's "War for the World" offers a very useful brief account of the military aspects themselves. Despite its small size, the book is invaluable to the layman for its combination of military facts with the explanations of the governing strategy which makes those facts meaningful. It is enriched by the use of enemy

The Criminal Record

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BACHELORS OF BROKEN HILL *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Someone in Australian mining town doesn't like elderly bachelors with messy eating habits and says so bafflingly with cyanide. Inspector Bonaparte warms cold trail and triumphs.	Tradition of logical, well-written detection pleasantly upheld with believable, full-drawn characters and reader fair-play, despite too smash ending.	Upper bracket
CAREER FOR THE BARON *Anothony Morton* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	The Raffles in "Baron" John Mannering stirs again as attempted buy of plush London antique shop fetches murder instead, but he pulls plum of solution out for Scotland Yard.	Slightly mixed dish of blackmail, mischief, and good intentions —with motivations very thin; but cast, London scene, suspense carry the show.	Good enough
A SHOT OF MURDER *Jack Iams* (Morrow: $2.50)	Polish Iron Curtain gets spirited can-opener from honeymooning Ohio newsscribe Rockwell and vacationing society ed Pickett in search of missing torch singer.	Usual logic-out-of-window Iams cocktail, sometimes funny and hair-raising, but zany humor and Curtain conspiracies perhaps not most tasteful combination.	If you like 'em cockeyed

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sources such as the three-volume "Interrogation of Japanese Officials." He has apparently organized his material upon the conviction that logistics, air power, and modern technology, rather than the plodding infantryman, decide modern wars. He cites, without making any effort to contradict them, the opinion of both German and Japanese officers that the American infantryman showed mediocre fighting ability, lacking the prerequisite of fanaticism. He shows in various campaigns, as in Africa, how unimportant numerical superiority by the Allies in ground troops could be in the face of a superior strategy and equipment. On the other hand, he emphasizes the effectiveness of the Allied Air Forces in tearing the German transportation system to ribbons and cutting off the Nazi sources of fuel and supplies; they immobilized the scattered Japanese forces and robbed them of their efforts to maintain a consistent strategy of their own, falling back instead upon a suicidal defensive policy. Control of the sea by the Allied fleets completed the paralysis of the enemy and gave the initiative to Eisenhower and MacArthur. One wonders whether Pratt would have seriously modified the anti-infantry thesis and his idea of much of World War II as a strategic air war had he written during the present Korean War.

In his objective manner he praises the Germans' tactical skill in conducting retreats as well as offenses. In North Africa many of our staff officers had to be sent home because of their costly inept leadership. He holds MacArthur responsible for the exposure of our planes at Clark and Nichols Field in the Philippines, allowing the enemy to destroy them at one blow. It is interesting to note that Eisenhower, while yet a subordinate officer, had prepared the masterly plan of making a long delaying stand at Bataan. Still, Pratt praises MacArthur for swift, deceptive maneuvers at Luzon in 1945 which bewildered the enemy; his eyes and ears were the Filipino guerilla scouts, who brought him the fullest details of enemy dispositions. Most of this history escapes controversial situations and is remarkably informative even to those who read a good deal of military history. Although many more detailed military narratives are now on their way to the publishers, Pratt's "War for the World," will probably serve as one of the most useful brief histories of the war.

Harvey Wish is associate professor of history at Western Reserve University. He is the author of "Contemporary America" and "Society and Thought in Early America."

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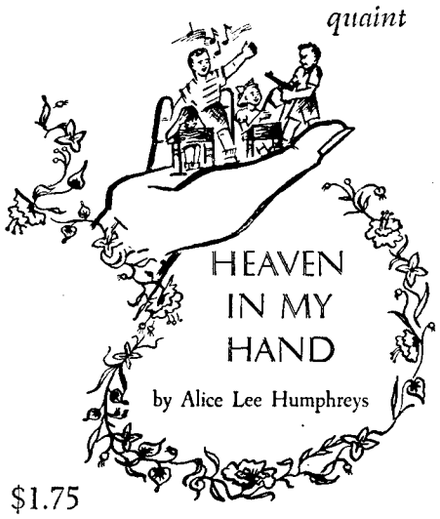

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The New Recordings

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DECCA GOLD LABEL		
HINDEMITH: "THE FOUR TEMPERAMENTS" (1940). Lukas Foss, pf.; Zimbler Sinfonetta. Decca LP: DL 7501 (10")	American Decca, returning to classics via LP, offers a decided mixture, technically speaking; of all these (below) only the Hindemith rates tops, with wide-range, undistorted sound, excellent liveness and balance. The old Mozarts (some pre-1936) are good on piano, bit metallic on violin; highs quite absent, surface noise removed nicely, via vinylite. Easy listening.	Ingratiating Hindemith, based on the four "humors" of old; a semi-chamber style that will please his widest audience in this understanding performance.
MOZART: VIOLIN SONATAS, K. 296, 377, 378, 379, 380, 481. Lili Kraus, Szymon Goldberg. Decca LP: DX 103 (3) (With extended printed notes.)		The 14 celebrated Parlophone prewar discs neatly patched, on 3 LP's—fine example of worth-while LP reissue. These have been long considered definitive recorded performances. Excellent accompanying notes.
MENOTTI: "THE CONSUL." Complete Broadway production; Marie Powers, Patricia Neway, etc. Decca LP: DX 101 (3) (With illustrated libretto.)	On direct "AB" comparison, not quite up to "Medium," the similar Columbia recording. "Consul" is wide range with good sibilants but voices are not as cleanly recorded; sound peaky as well as bit dead. Orch. is off-balance, too distant for its great importance. None of this interferes seriously with listening.	Here's the New York show transferred to records, as was "The Medium" and "Telephone" by Columbia. A more complex opera, not quite as easily effective on records—even so, the superb Menotti dramatic sense makes it most exciting. Mutually, the style is (by now) familiar. Somewhat more melodic than the fragmentary "Medium" vocal lines.
STRAVINSKY: "DUO CONCERTANT" (1932). Jos. Fuchs, vl., Leo Smit, pf. Decca LP: DL 8503 (½) *Comparison:* (SAME) Szigeti, Stravinsky. Columbia LP: ml 2122 (½ 10")	Neither recording is tops. The Decca is well balanced, good piano, but lacks highs, has thinnish, muffled sound. The Columbia is cleaner, wide range but is badly balanced; too much violin.	The Decca seems to me better performance in spite of composer's presence in the Columbia; Szigeti wobbles excessively, Stravinsky is in background. Fuchs is a steadier player, the whole less nervous, more accurate.
COPLAND: VIOLIN SONATA (1943). Jos. Fuchs, Leo Smit. Decca LP: DL 8503 (½) *Comparison:* (SAME) a) L. Kaufman, A. Copland. Concert Hall 78 Lim. Ed. C-10 b) F. Lack, L. Hambro. Allegro LP: AL 33	(Obverse of Stravinsky above.) Decca's is technically weakest, with thin, peaky high end, muffled acoustics. Allegro's has far better range, liveness, but piano is too weak. (Concert Hall's old 78 lacks in tonal quality though balance is excellent.)	The new Fuchs-Smit and older Kaufman-Copland (unavailable) are neck and neck musically (they are quite similar). Allegro's, with best tonal quality of all, has less accurate violin; the piano is weakened in recording balance and so not fully effective. Winner: Decca.
MOZART: CLARINET CONCERTO, K.622. Reginald Kell; Zimbler Sinfonietta. Decca LP: DL 7500 (10") *Comparison:* (SAME) Kell; London Philharmonic, Sargent. RCA Victor 78: DM 708 (4)	Strange—no highs at all in this above 5,000 or so, though it's same orch. as wide-range Hindemith recording above. Otherwise a good, well-balanced sound, if muffled. The old prewar Kell is actually more brilliant than this new one.	The Kell interpretation is familiar now: accurate, carefully phrased, on sweet side; not much changed in newer recording. Old one has livelier orch. backing, but the two are surprisingly alike. (LP advantage will decide choice.)
SCHUMANN: "CARNAVAL," OP. 9. Claudio Arrau, piano. Decca LP: 7502 (10")	Steady, solid piano, rating better than average in spite of a lack of highs and a thinnish bass. (Highs are unimportant in piano.) Surfaces not too hot.	The clean, neo-Chopinesque Arrau approach does surprising things to "Carnaval"—brings out much light-fingered piano writing, gets over the typical Schumann redundancies. Most interesting. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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HAWTHORNE

(*Continued from page 18*)

was astonished at the daring of his own conception. He had the genius to embroider his dark imagining with the figure of Una, the bright and elfin child who was the product of their sin. Hester, who dominates the story, is no febrile and intellectual New Englander, but powerful and passionate and intensely human. The culminating scenes, the confession in the forest between Hester and her lover, are supreme in American fiction. The reader of today who penetrates this novel for the first time and who is willing to submit to its classical style may discover that "The Scarlet Letter" is more moving than any work he has read in recent years.

In evaluating Hawthorne's work we are not concerned with the creative writer as a social reformer, absorbed like Dickens in institutions of his own day, or like Proust in the meticulous account of the downfall of a single class. Neither are we concerned with a Balzac who painted on a vast scale the whole panorama of French society. There can be no direct comparison between the shy and sensitive man who was born in Salem a century and a half ago and these omnivorous writers who took in their stride phases of the daily life of whole nations. Hawthorne lived in his imagination rather than among men who, with the exception of Melville, could contribute little to his inspirations. Yet his work has lived, and will continue to do so, because his central theme was universal and inescapable. He dealt with the essence of all great works of literature, the sense of evil and redemption that lies, not only at the heart of man's conduct but in all religions as well, "the sadness," in his own words, "of a contrite heart broken at last under its own weight of sin." His people are tortured by their conscience, but their confessional was the public platform or the crowded street rather than the psychoanalyst's couch. Nevertheless, Hawthorne expressed the universal need, "a deep, deep plunge into the ocean of human life." In his own way he found it amongst the stern folk of another century, and his innate kindness and gentleness give all of us absolution and a sense of the passion and dignity of human life.

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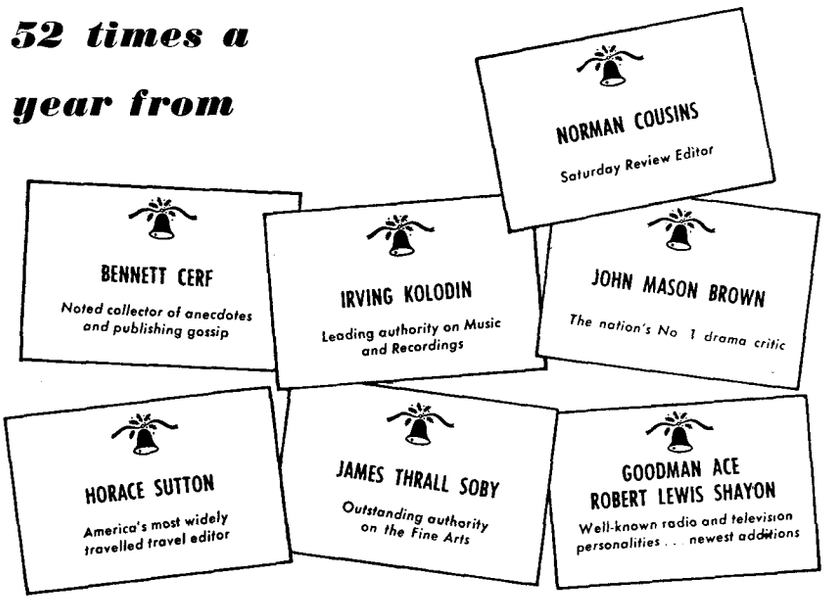
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IF YOU ARE A NICE GIRL, congenial, intelligent and find gentlemen not uninteresting, this young man would appreciate your correspondence. Box 135-E.

FRIENDLY MALE, veteran, loves reading, sports, desires correspondence sympathetic female. Box 136-E.

MALE, sincere, intelligent, unsophisticated, interested in the fine yet simple things in life, but very discouraged and lonely, desires correspondence with sincere, kind, intelligent girl. Box 137-E.

DISCRIMINATING, versatile business woman, likes good music, theatre, and the U. S. would enjoy friendly letters from intelligent, cultured, middle-aged gentleman. Box 138-E.

IS THERE AN AVERAGE young lady who would correspond with an average young man? Box 139-E.

SWEET, YOUNG COUNTRY LASS would correspond with intelligent, cosmopolitan male. Box 141-E.

POETRY EDITOR wanted for new national magazine. Box 142-E.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 869

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To reason discursively or according to a logical process (humorous).	76 61 3 131 152 114 38 171 98
B. Second husband of Dr. Johnson's friend Mrs. Thrale.	175 55 73 67 68 93
C. The castle background of Wagner's "Tannhäuser."	43 170 90 39 185 29 5 115
D. A hermitage (Hinduism).	120 48 7 153 79 165 126
E. Husband of Pocahontas.	168 41 49 151 156
F. English painter and poet; founded pre-Raphaelite school of painting, 1848.	147 164 17 64 88 104 124 117
G. One of Joseph's sons (Bib.).	4 9 133 140 89 36 162
H. Premier dukedom of England, ranking next after the princes of the blood.	62 19 59 51 143 69 94
I. What Senator McCarthy's un-American activities have been dubbed (comp.).	77 47 146 100 119 155 174 20 6
J. Ref'use.	135 161 154 82 87 75 91 65 18 103 22 30
K. That which comes in, as distinguished from what is expended.	10 27 142 186 40 14 118 106
L. A mill that makes inferior textiles (comp.).	83 139 116 8 144 128
M. Murderous; destructive.	63 31 21 180 44 85 66 112
N. Greek Stoic philosopher, known only through his pupil Flavius Arrian.	166 35 176 149 52 178 86 109 99
O. American actor and playwright who collaborated with Thurber in "The Male Animal" (1900-).	127 58 132 95 56 96
P. Minor Hebrew prophet of uncertain date; O. T. Book (Bib.).	122 134 1 12 105 187 78
Q. Atoll island group in the Carolines, developed into advance fleet base by Americans in World War II.	148 92 81 138 97 53
R. Semé of drops (her.).	167 158 107 46 25
S. A policy of noninterference (comp.).	130 33 71 32 145 123 2 108
T. British officer in America, captured Crown Point and Ticonderoga from the French, 1759.	15 110 60 169 37 159 184
U. Events or remarks of no value.	136 23 189 125 11 182 72 172
V. Group of professional men singled out for special draft in the Korean War.	177 141 42 121 70 188 129 163
W. Opera by Puccini, 1900.	80 57 54 183 45
X. To receive, as by drinking.	181 157 26 101 111 13
Y. Fights, copes, or grapples with.	28 102 50 173 16
Z. Large, broad, wide; as lands.	160 179 150 84 24 34 113 74 137

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 P	2 S	3 A	4 G	5 C	■	6 I	7 D	8 L	■	9 G	10 K	11 U
12 P	13 X	■	14 K	15 T	16 Y	17 F	18 J	19 H	20 I	■	21 M	22 J	23 U	24 Z	25 R	■		
26 X	27 K	28 Y	29 C	30 J	31 M	32 S	■	33 S	34 Z	35 N	36 G	37 T	38 A	39 C	40 K	41 E		
42 V	■	43 C	44 M	45 W	46 R	■	47 I	48 D	■	49 E	50 Y	51 H	52 N	■	53 Q	54 W		
■	55 B	56 O	■	57 W	58 O	59 H	■	60 T	61 A	62 H	63 M	64 F	■	65 J	66 M	67 B		
68 B	69 H	70 V	71 S	72 U	■	73 B	74 Z	75 J	76 A	■	77 I	78 P	79 D	80 W	■	81 Q		
82 J	■	83 L	84 Z	85 M	86 N	■	87 J	88 F	■	89 G	90 C	91 J	■	92 Q	93 B	94 H		
95 O	■	96 O	97 Q	98 A	■	99 N	100 I	101 X	102 Y	103 J	104 F	105 P	106 K	107 R	■	108 S		
109 N	110 T	111 X	112 M	113 Z	114 A	115 C	■	116 L	117 F	118 K	119 I	■	120 D	■	121 V	122 P		
123 S	124 F	125 U	■	126 D	127 O	128 L	■	129 V	130 S	131 A	132 O	133 G	—	134 P	135 J	136 U		
137 Z	■	138 Q	139 L	■	140 G	141 V	142 K	143 H	144 L	145 S	146 I	147 F	148 Q	149 N	150 Z	■		
151 E	152 A	153 D	■	154 J	155 I	156 E	■	157 X	158 R	159 T	160 Z	161 J	162 G	■	163 V	164 F		
165 D	166 N	■	167 R	168 E	169 T	170 C	171 A	■	172 U	173 Y	174 I	175 B	176 N	177 V	■	178 N		
179 Z	180 M	181 X	182 U	183 W	184 T	■	185 C	186 K	187 P	188 V	189 U	■	■	■	■	■		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 29 of this issue.

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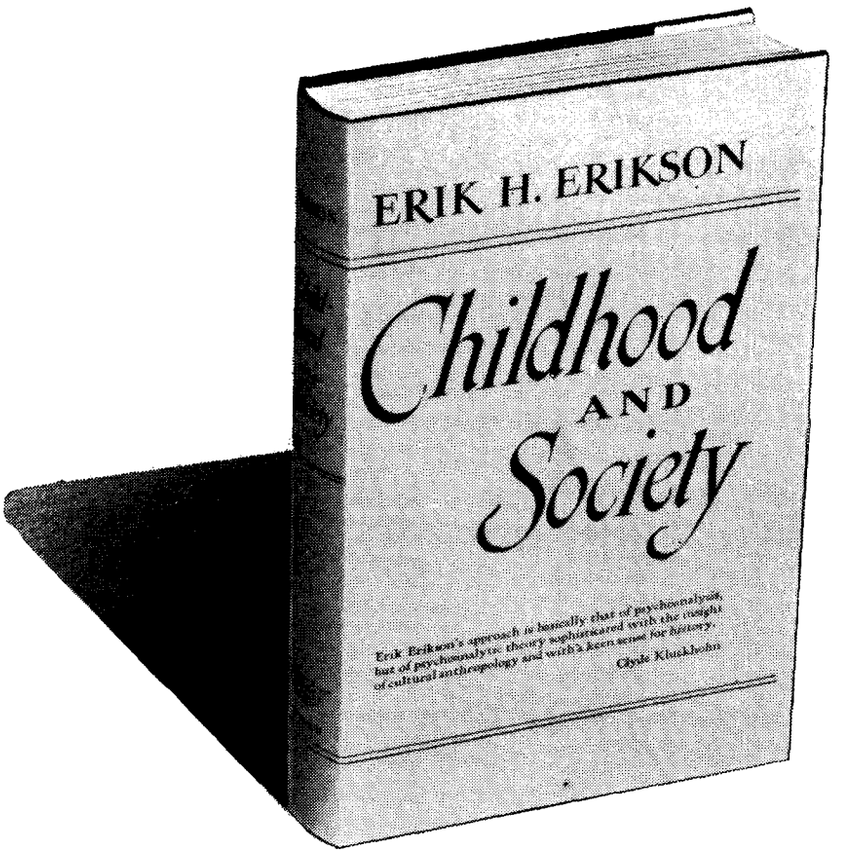

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